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INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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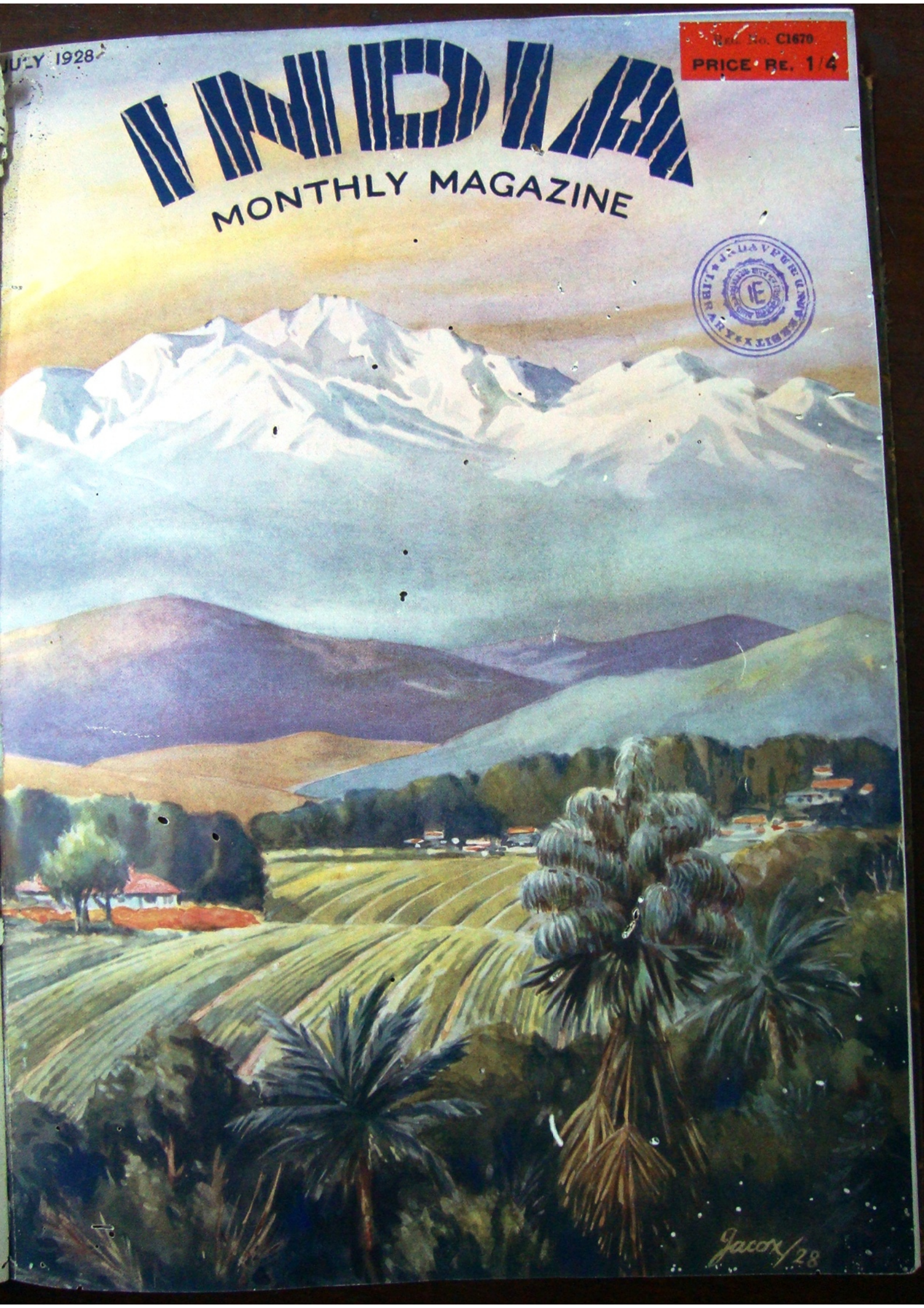

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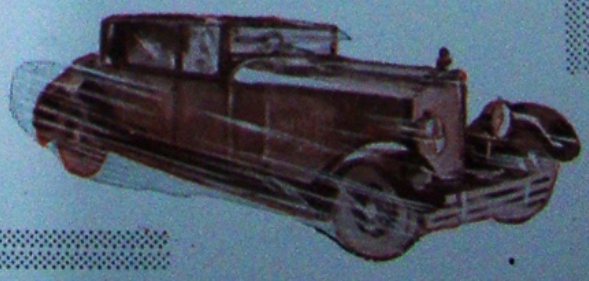
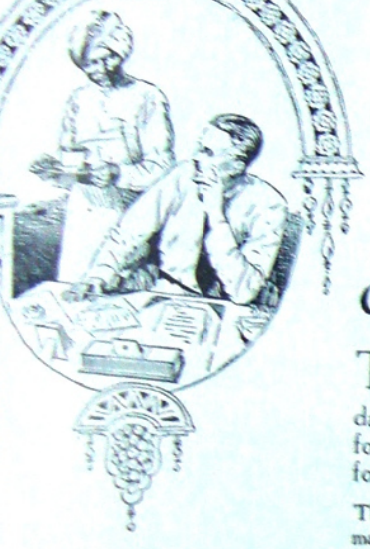


India Monthly Magazine

Number One — July 1928



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THERE are many thousands of people in India and the East who drink delicious "Ovaltine" daily, because they know that it is without equal for maintaining mental and physical fitness, and for warding off the ill-effects of the trying climate.

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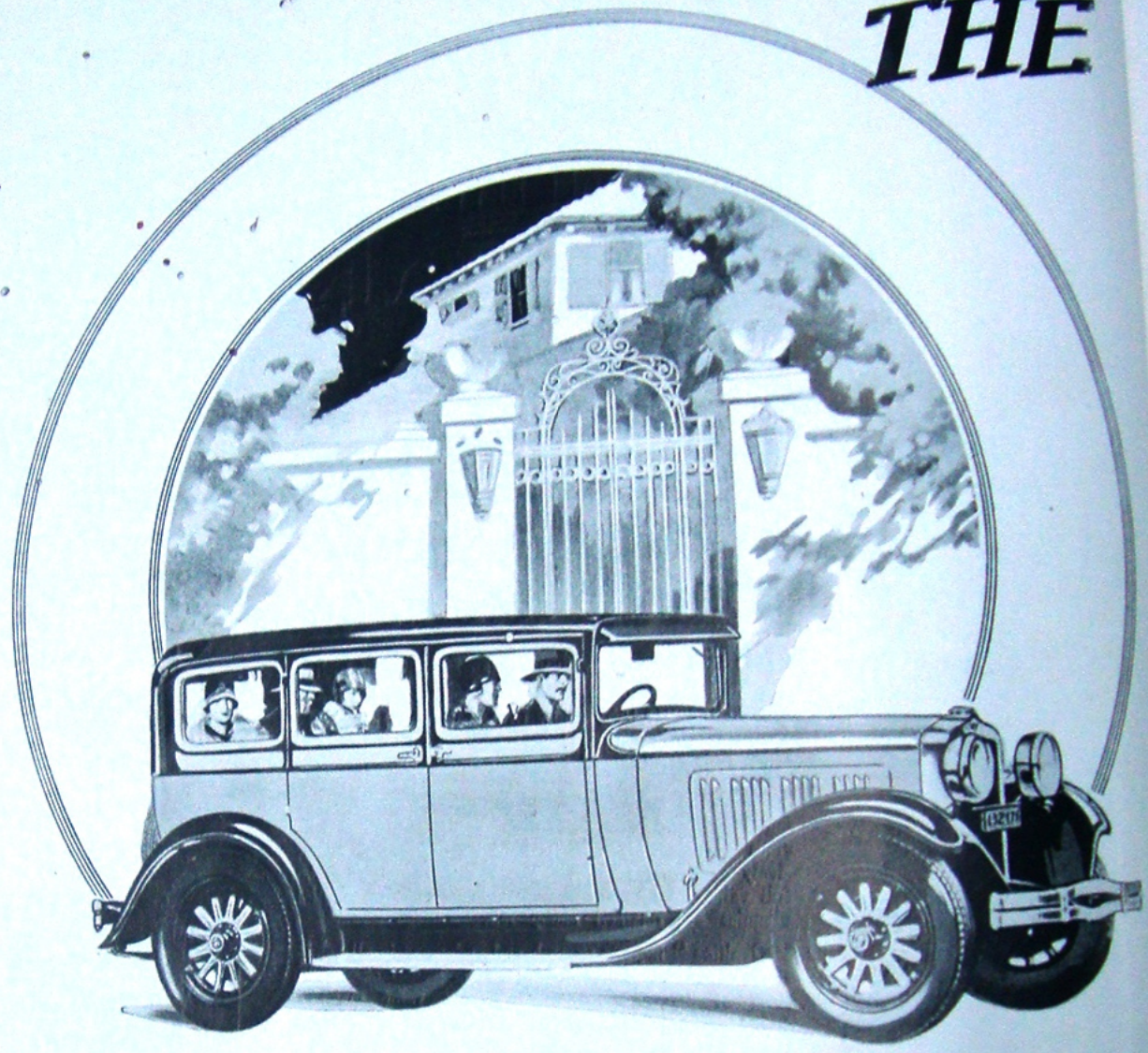

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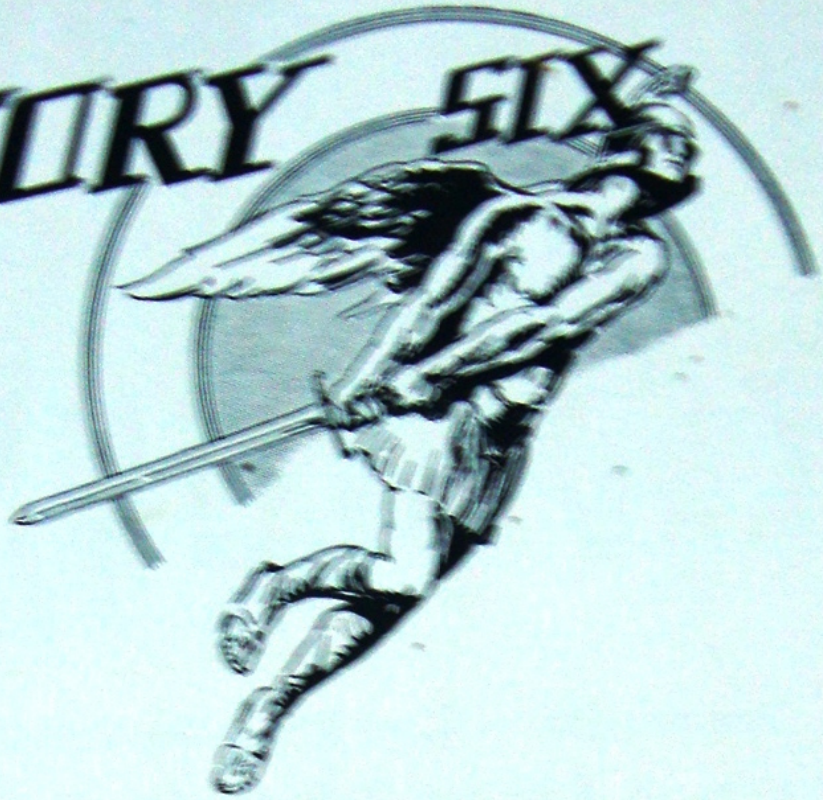

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555

Made by hand

One at a time

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VOL. I JULY, 1928 No. 1

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SUBSCRIPTION FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

Topical to the Tropical

A review of the doings and interests of the people of India

Lady Irwin.

It is our privilege to publish on page nine a portrait of Her Excellency Lady Irwin, the wife of Viceroy who has resided at the present Viceregal Lodge at Simla. Charming and successful as many of her predecessors at the head of Indian Society have been, it is universally accepted that none of them have surpassed Lady Irwin's success in the art of making guests feel at ease when enjoying Viceregal hospitality.

Lady Irwin is an enthusiast in causes of helpfulness to the people, and makes in every respect an ideal Vicereine.

* * *

Something New.

There is always something new under the Sun.

This time it is a new reason for not keeping an engagement. We encountered the lady concerned some while afterwards and asked the inevitable question. "I couldn't come," she said. "I had to pull my canary's leg with oil."

[illegible] were visible through the [illegible] mask. "A mosquito bit him right on the knee joint," she answered seriously. We were too dumbfounded even to pay the obvious compliment when she enquired "How would you feel if you were shot size and a mosquito bit you on the joint?"

The Calling League.

As most people are aware, Simla and Delhi Society, as years go on, supports a Calling League.

The idea is a simple one. The new-comer pays a nominal sum to the League Secretary, and is

Somewhere in the Mayall.

then accepted as having called upon every one in the Station save the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, the Governor of the Province, and the Members of the Viceroy's Executive Council.

To many people the system is a blessing, but it is not altogether approved by new-comers.

Somewhat recently the subject of dance parties has been discussed by the League. It appears that the custom of people giving dinner parties before dances, and dancing only with the members of their own party, is condemned in certain quarters as not only being an expensive custom, but also one which creates an atmosphere of unfriendliness. Apparently, some people who have not been included in parties, have found it difficult to fill their programmes as a dance. Hence the suggestion has been seriously made that hosts should not give five guests dance tickets, or suppers or drinks, and that hostesses should not mind if their guests dance with others than those of their own party.

That whatever certain individuals may desire it is unlikely that men and women who crave to enjoy each other's society and dance together for an evening will forfeit their rights to please themselves.

* * *

The Dakwallah.

The system of private house letter delivery in India is often unfavourably commented upon, and many people compare it with the postal service of England without thought as to how deli-

veries there would be effected in time and certainty if the postmen had to negotiate a garden path similar to that of the average Indian compound, and then await answer to his ring before delivering a letter to a servant personally.

The Posts and Telegraphs Department are about to introduce an innovation which is deserving of support by every

householder in India. They propose to invite the public to provide themselves with a standardized type of letter box for fixing in a position convenient to the requirements of the addressee, and suitable to the object in view—prompt and efficient service to the public.

If generally supported by those concerned the introduction of this new system should put an end to those little annoyances arising out of non-receipt of letters which, days subsequent to that of the official post mark, are suddenly "discovered" by the durwan.

♔ ♔ ♔

Island Refuges.

That everything is possible, has been clearly established by the motorist who has actually driven a car between Alipore and Calcutta for eleven days without colliding with a single island refuge.

This being our own daily route, and we having had cause to trouble our Insurance Company

on many occasions, we were, on first hearing the report, incredulous, and only finally convinced when informed that this particular motorist was once a tight rope-walker in a circus.

Now that this feat has been brought to the notice of the authorities we feel sure they will adopt measures to prevent a repetition.

♔ ♔ ♔

Good-night.

The latest sartorial creation which is on its way to enhance the splendours of our tropical nights and to add to the glories of our shop windows is pyjamas quartered in various colours such as blue and yellow or orange and pink. We are threatened with bedwear in well known racing colours, accurate as to collar and cuffs, hoops, etc. Up to now the outfitters' preliminary announcements say nothing about a coloured nightcap though in

this age of thoroughness one supposes that will follow in logical sequence. Presumably other forms of sport will be represented and Indian rowing, cricket and tennis enthusiasts may sleep in the colours of their respective clubs. Undoubtedly regimental colours would be included in which case the older generation, not to be outdone, would retire with their miniature medals fastened proudly to the breasts of their pyjama jackets.

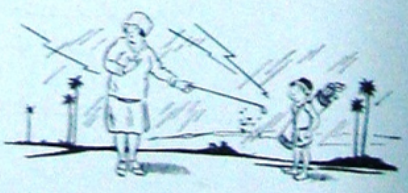
♔ ♔ ♔

Playing the Game.

The coming of the Monsoon produced an excellent story from one of our golf courses, over which broke a violent thunderstorm.

Golfers of both sexes rushed for shelter, and the clubhouse porch was crowded.

During the worst of it a large, bustling woman, wet to the skin, struggled across the eighteenth to safety.



"My dear" she shrieked, "I don't mind the water—but do you know what happened? I never was so frightened in my life! The lightning came on so suddenly, and there was I with an iron club in my hand—but anyway, I had the presence of mind to hand it to the *chokra*."

S. A. D. C.

In these days when professional theatrical artists avow that India is no longer a profitable hunting ground and Managements are complaining that the Amusement Tax takes all the profits, it is pleasing to know that the Simla Amateur Dramatic Club is enjoying a comparatively prosperous time, and commenced this season with a credit balance of Rs. 13,000.

For many years the Club has been in debt, so this wave of prosperity is particularly welcome.

This season they have successfully produced two plays, "On

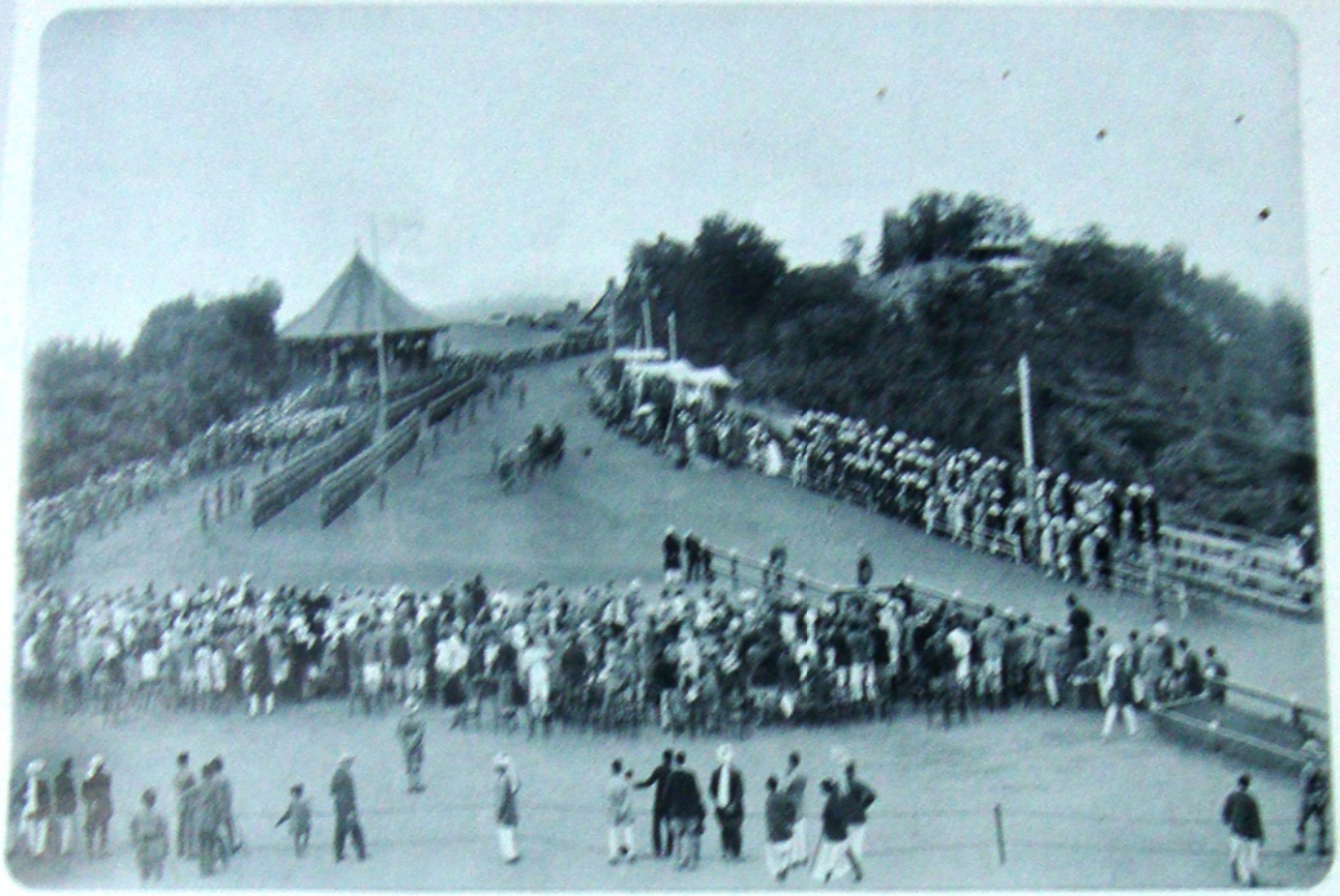
Approval" and "The Ringer," both of which were brilliantly acted and well received.

Colonel H. S. Jervis is the Hony. Secretary and Mr. H. de la Rue Browne the Business Manager.

♔ ♔ ♔

The Five Hundred.

From London comes the news of the birth of a new club where visitors from India will be specially welcome. It is known as the "Five Hundred" and is located in Albemarle Street. Our informant's description of the place is particularly alluring in these days of fetid air and fitful rain. The premises are in a basement and consist of a number of small lounges, a cocktail bar and a snack counter with sofas and easy chairs. Despite the basement we are assured that it is quite a comfortable club and that walls of imitation oak hung with sporting prints and chairs covered in bright American red, which is now the vogue for curtains and other furnishings, make up "quite a decent shack." The snack counter is contained in a second room which is decorated with fantastic scenes reminiscent of



Lord Irwin inspecting the troops at the King's Birthday Parade, on the Ridge at Simla.

St. Moritz and Le Touquet. This leads us to the common complaint about the absence of brighter clubs in the big cities of India. The mofussil club must remain what it is in the very nature of things, but with the possible exception of the Saturday Club at Calcutta we know of no club in this country which is original in its conception or "bright" as that word is understood by the Bright Young People of to-day.

❀ ❀ ❀

Moonlight Ball.

The Savoy Hotel, Mussoorie, is the scene of much bubbling activity, and some of the most popular dances of the season are taking place there. The Leap Year Ball was very diverting, but it was eclipsed by a Moonlight Ball, for which a special moon was brought from East Africa, and in the course of a few hours it went through all its phases and suffered an eclipse. It also saw

dramatic scenes, such as a "hold-up" by highwaymen, with Hospital nurses to the rescue, and a great bag of loot for the Cottage Hospital. The dresses were bewilderingly beautiful.

❀ ❀ ❀

At Darjeeling.

The outstanding event of the Darjeeling Season was the Reception at Government House which followed the State Dinner, on the King's birthday, when His Excellency the Governor invested Mr. Prentice and Mr. George Morgan with their C.I.E. badges.

Lady Jackson, who, by the way, is appealing for funds for the Victoria Hospital new building, wore a beautiful gown trimmed with silver bugles.

❀ ❀ ❀

"The India we Served."

Probably no Civilian of his time had so extraordinarily varied a career in India as Sir Walter Lawrence who on leaving Oxford in 1879 proceeded to Lahore where he imbibed his early impressions of the land in which so much experience rich in incident and interest was to fall to his lot.

A few of the old guard will remember Legel Griffin "able, brilliant and scornful" under whose care Lawrence was immediately placed. From Lahore he went to the frontier where his introduction to the stark realities of life in this region is vividly described in his memoirs "The India we Served" which recently reached this country. All lovers of India and particularly those who look back upon the India of the eighties and nineties with a sigh will find this book of great interest and charm. Singularly free from race prejudice Lawrence confesses his greatest love was for the native states, and some delightful accounts of life in those days in Rajputana and Kashmir are contained in his story. He retired as he thought for good in 1895, but Lord Curzon persuaded him to return to India as his private secretary and not the least interesting part of his story is devoted to intimate sketches of the imperious Viceroy at work. That Mr. Rudyard Kipling should have prefaced the volume with an introductory letter is sufficient to recommend it as an informative and interesting account of Indian days that are fast drawing to a close.

❦ ❦ ❦

Quinine.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, that indefatigable exponent of the New Health Movement, has been

Miss Vere Atkinson and Capt. J. Hulme Taylor, A.D.C., whose Wedding takes place in Simla on 9th July.

saying some interesting things about quinine recently. This very present help in trouble is unpleasantly familiar to most of us in India and Dr. Saleeby's edict that quite moderate doses act in highly poisonous fashion on some people will be received with surprise. He is emphatic that before anyone goes for commerce or war or any other purpose to malarial places, tests should be made to exclude the possibility that he or she cannot tolerate [illegible]. Opium he describes as a [illegible] gift against pain and to [illegible] extent supports the belief of [illegible] Indian friends that it is a [illegible] tonic in old age. We remember once witnessing the effect of [illegible] daily dose of opium upon a [illegible] distinguished and aged Indian [illegible] prince. It was indeed remarkable!

❦ ❦ ❦

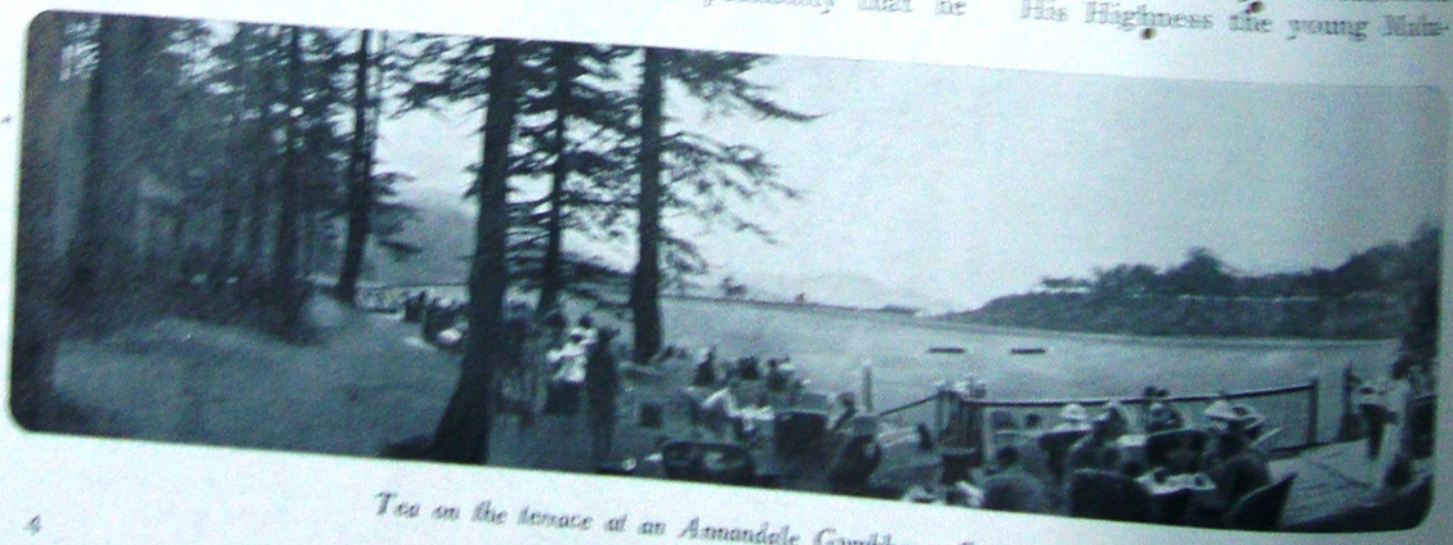
Sir Harcourt Butler.

Sir Harcourt Butler who is at present in London investigating the future relationship of the Indian States and the British Raj is probably the most sculptured ex-Governor of modern times. It is given to few men to see even one statue erected to their honour in their lifetime, but the former Governor of Burma will have the satisfaction of seeing three in the countries with which so much of his life has been intimately associated. There is a fine equestrian statue of him by Captain George Thomas, M.C., in Lucknow where Sir Harcourt played a considerable part in the planning of the new city and there are two more to be erected in Rangoon, one in the town and one in the university.

❦ ❦ ❦

H. H. The Maharaja of Gwalior.

For the third year in succession His Highness the young Maha-



Tea on the terrace at an Annandale Gymkhana, Simla.

Princess Mary of Gwalior with a recent bag of three tigers and a leopard.

raja of Gwalior has gone to Simla for the hot weather with his mother and sister.

Her Highness the junior Maharani Scindia of Gwalior, in whose honour a particularly successful birthday *purdah* party was recently held, was present at the Simla Horse Show with her two children. His Highness the Maharaja Scindia and Princess Mary Kamla Raja Scindia, both of whom took part in several events, and were in the ring throughout the day. The Princess was successful in three events and the Maharaja in two. The Maharaja, as usual, attracted much attention for the keen interest he took in all the events.

There is no doubt that he has got all the qualities of his late father, and when a little older will be a prominent figure in the sporting world.

The presence of the Gwalior family in Simla adds in no small degree to the success of the season there.

Welcome!

We offer the heartiest of welcomes to Sir Frederick Sykes who will shortly undertake the arduous task of succeeding such an extremely popular Governor of Bombay as Sir Leslie Wilson. It has been given to no other incoming Governor of the City of Ducks to be ushered in with the prospect before him of a Marine Parade from Colaba Point to Chaupatti, lined with cafés and clubs.

Thanks.

Our thanks to Messrs. Johnson & Hoffmann of Calcutta for permission to reproduce the photographs of "The Lepchar," page 18 and "A Village in Bengal," page 43.

THE SIPI FAIR

By "NALDERA"

Contributed specially to "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

A FEW miles from Simla in the territory of the Rana of Koti a steep hillside falls away sharply below Mashobra Bazaar. Great deodars shade its slopes, growing more mighty and more dense as the descent continues, till in the little valley which is Sipi they roof out the sunlight and make a cool darkness over a floor of pine needles and moss. A stream runs through the solitude, and on its bank, in a wooden temple old and unpretentious, the local God keeps vigil with his priests. Such is Sipi, lone and forgotten, save for three days each year in early May—the days of the Sipi Fair.

Then from the dawn an endless snake of humanity winds, singing and laughing, along the road from Simla, dusty, care-free, dressed in their best and bent on holiday. And from all the country-side the hill-folk gather, sturdy, cheerful, full of gossip, undismayed by distances, intent on enjoying every moment of the brightest event of their year.

The Goddess of Sipi.

Zig-zagging down the mountain the crowd grows ever thicker and more merry as the way grows darker, till they pour down through a welcoming arch into the fan of the Fair. The pulse of drums and the blare of conches rises to meet them. Under the sometime quiet trees hangs a blue veil of wood smoke, drifting across lanes of booths,—sweetmeat sellers' stalls, glass bangle merchants, purveyors of cheap penknives, watches, and all such gewgaws. Past these in a ceaseless eddy the people press and throng, interested, excited and credulous. Thakurs, farmers, shampanies, old and young, they crowd round games of chance, extracting hard-earned annas from little string-tied pouches, and eagerly watching the fall of the dice, on which the banker, as is the habit of bankers, nearly always ends

Thicker and thicker grows the crowd caught in the meshes of mesmerists, snake-charmers and soothsayers; entranced by wrestling and archery, or glorying in the thrill and laughter of the swing boats.

On the fair ground outside a wooden temple, beneath a temporary shrine sits a small effigy of the God within, blandly gazing down on the scattered marigolds and rice and coins of its worshippers. Opposite roughly railed off with new cut logs, the women's enclosure, and here, upon her throne, the wife sit in their gleaming saris, a magnificent jangle of colour against the dark background of the forest. Very lovely some of them are, with pale, perfect features framed in coral, amber, saffron or jade, their gleaming ornaments and animated air, and one can find it in one's heart to regret the days when a wife might be bought here for thirty rupees or so. Now there is no longer an open marriage market, though many alliances are arranged during the days of the Fair between families from far distant parts of the State.

VISITORS at the Sipi Fair

The Rana Sahib of Koti, Simla Hill States.

Beware, however, lest you catch a vixen, for should you contrive to lose her, later, to another, it must be at the expense of a cow and two goats; and he, poor man, if he should wish to part must proffer four golds and two cows to her next victim. So the bonus increases in exact ratio with her bad temper; till it becomes a question whether even Petruchio shall not enter and strive to tame her, rather than pass her on with the flocks and herds of Abraham in her train!

The Temple of Sine at Sin, Mashobra.

All day long and far into the night the Fair continues, and through the jostling, unheeding throng pleads the Kot elephant, swaying and lurching, questing right and left with his trunk for the wares of some unsuspecting sweetmeat-seller, planting his feet indiscriminately on trays of shrieking glass bangles, and paying but scant attention to the imprecations of his Mahout or the prayers of his passengers. He is not recommended as a digestive after lunch, though many disgruntled visitors are rash, and the view from his back is unequalled.

The Rana of Kot himself is present every day, a tall and imposing figure in his long robes, and the most courteous of hosts, as he conducts his many guests in State round the sights of the Fair.

Most intriguing of all is the display of the dancers, a troupe of goodly, gaily-clad men in wide petticoats, with daintily flying coloured handkerchiefs, and grasping, each in other hand, a coloured cloth round the waist, green and unbuttoned to the knee, in succession to the curious music of the conch.

And so, slightly dazed and considerably deafened, sightseers and merrymakers—unless they be of the three days' variety—may straggle away. This time the road climbs uphill, by no means so gay a business back to the modern world from an entertainment as unique in character as its atmosphere is medieval.

THE END.

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Court Milliners & Hosiers to Gentlemen
OF OLD BOND ST. LONDON W.

The Order of Dionysius

ALTERED LONDON

TO the man returning from the East there is a strong glamour and a strong allure in the very name of London.

Rapidly the face of London is changing—changing almost with the speed with which one night-club supersedes another. New buildings are transforming the West End with a clean loftiness of new Portland stone; and at the same time the Metropolis is becoming more mechanical, more impersonal, and, with its rotary traffic and one-way streets, more standardised.

But despite all the changes of her outward appearance, London's main characteristics remain the same. Lombard Street is still the hub of the world's finance, Pall Mall is still the centre of clubland, Shaftesbury Avenue still has one English play running, and Bond Street is still the finest street in the world.

And though London may be using some American lipstick on her altered face, she still maintains her position as dictator of the world's styles in men's clothes. London's lead in clothes is as constant as vice.

In view of the fact that the house of Pope & Bradley refuses to contemplate anything but the finest materials and hand workmanship, its prices are extremely moderate. The average price for a lounge suit is between eleven and twelve guineas, while dinner suits range from fourteen guineas and dress suits from sixteen.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 137 & 9 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
MANCHESTER

Our Portrait Gallery

Her Excellency Lady Irwin

"H. G. D. ISMS"

A pot pourri of Philtered Philosophy

One sure method of conquering a desire is to gratify it.

If you're drunk with the prospect you're dead to the risk.

A true-to-type woman has a natural aptitude for nursing two things. One is a baby and the other . . . a grudge.

The world is a trifle impolite in two respects. It does not consult us about coming in or going out.

The easiest way to get what you want is to make someone else wish to let you have it.

The best thoughts are uppermost when there's nothing to really be gained.

They are constantly changing their tables who cheat in the game of life.

The polish of true gentility is like a precious metal; it doesn't have to be constantly rubbed.

Nobody has a bad memory . . . for the things you wish they'd forget.

If it isn't within their eyes, it probably isn't there.

The things that are farthest from Heaven are coveted most on earth.

It requires no very keen sense of touch to feel a strong personality.

One sure way of becoming small is to let little things annoy you.

Frankness is the name given to a little weapon often used for wounding other people's feelings.

DO NOT DISTURB

If I'm sleeping, don't try to awaken,
And all things will be as they seem.
No facts that are chill will make fitful
A wonderful, beautiful dream.
Think, if you will, I am love-sick,
Enslaved by a face I adóre,
But if you are friends, don't disturb me,
Please do not knock on my door.

You bring me, well meaning, your logic,
From the land I once knew, full of snow,
To a land that I've found, full of sunshine,
That you've heard of, but few of you know.
To lovers such logic is futile,
Why tempt me to search for a flaw?
I'm content to just dream what I'm dreaming,
So please do not knock on my door.

Dear friends, if you're such, let me linger,
Where I'm happy to even be sad,
Where the sound of a voice makes me joyous,
Where the touch of a hand makes me glad.
If to-day be a trance, let me woo it,
Tho' to-morrow may even the score.
If I'm dreaming, my couch rests in Heaven,
So please do not knock on my door.

H. G. D.

To yield is human; obstinacy is the attribute of a mule.

The Song of Love is a melody that is usually played to ragtime.

The world will forgive a man being a total failure at most things if he is a genius at one.

The skin is usually healthy when the fruit is clean at the core.

It is bad to deceive people, but pitiful to undeceive them.

What one half of the world listlessly squanders the other half searches for with a microscope.

Imitations excite interest, but quality alone commands respect.

A woman is never really old until she becomes incapable of exciting a man's curiosity.

A confirmed bachelor is one who never allowed his curiosity to get the best of him.

The biggest thrill lies in playing the hand, not in collecting the stake.

A divorcee never knows how good her first husband was until she is married to her second.

It isn't necessary to show people what you think of them . . . they usually know it.

The easiest way to get into debt is to try to scramble out of it.

There is always someone to teach us if we'd only be willing to learn.

The most inexhaustible topic of all is the topic of life itself.

'Thank you,

H. G. D.

Getting things done in India

No. 1

The Memsahib told the Ayah

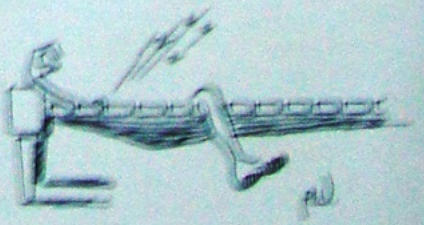
The Ayah told the Bearer

The Bearer told the Kitmutgar

The Kitmutgar told the Bawarchi

The Bawarchi told the Chokra

The Chokra ..... went ..... to sleep



Old-world caravan, laden with the merchandise of Central Asia, lumbering its way through the Khyber defiles. Over it all smiles the modern Khyber railway tunnel, linking Adam's time to our own

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRONTIER BRIGAND CHIEF

By MIR ALI KHAN

Specially Written for "India Monthly Magazine"

AFTER the evening prayer, the preliminaries of welcome to me in an Afghan frontier village being over, an enormous feast ended the celebrations; and then I was to accompany Sultan Khan, my host, on his night patrol amongst the hills of the Khyber Pass.

His baggy trousers were tucked well above his ankles; he wore his turban low, with the end across his mouth not only according to the frontier travel custom, so that no dust might enter his mouth, but also thus his face was only half visible. Both an Afghan knife and a revolver did he tuck in his girdle. In this fashion I, too, was dressed, as we climbed the rugged pathway up the Khyber defiles, in and out of the narrow and tortuous alleys. We went farther and farther on, now ascending by pulling ourselves up by the roots of some half-parched bush, now sending the pebbles in descent rattling down the hillside, which seemed like thunder in that dark silence. We stopped here and there to make certain that no one heard us, for men of the hostile clan had ears sharper than wolves, and would hurl a shower of bullets at us instead of a challenge.

Following no path, winding between boulders and slippery pebbles, I toiled on behind my companion. A cloud covered the half moon and at least thrice I lost my foothold. I could feel the sharp edges of the cobbles through the soles of my boots, but dare not lag behind. More dead than alive I was as we proceeded on our journey to a destination unknown to me, till the valley broadened into the basin of the Kabul River, and the distant thudding of drums intermingled with the barking of dogs of the village somewhat steadied me. Soon I was seated in a sumptuous apartment of Sultan Khan, giving no thought to the journey.

A late supper and innumerable cups of tea having warmed us up a bit, I asked my host how it was that a strip of the country was so inimically disposed towards him when large tracts of land belonging to him lay on either side of it.

"It is due to a woman," he said, fixing his gaze on me, while uncovering his head he ran his fingers through his long hair in suppressed agitation. "Yes, I say, women have been no good to me, and thuswise it happened:

"Before grey-bearded father of mine died and I became the Chief, he spoke once, twice and a thousand times to me to wed; but wedding I did not wish. The old Chieftain thought of the title of the house to remain in our family through my children, for he saw in me too wild a spirit even for a Khyber man. I love to send bullets through my opponents' heads, and invite theirs, showing them how well I can avoid their mark. And thuswise I wished always to dwell; besides, never could I think of being able to spare time from my warring to stroke a wife, and hear her gentle purr.

"Thus, and thus, and thus, . . . it was," recollected the brigand chief of the Khyber, and accepted with resignation the oncoming of old age that sapped the strength of his limbs

A man of the tulwar and a woman live apart. When I saw that my father had made up his mind that I must have a wife right or wrong, I had likewise made up my mind not to have one. I set forth thinking to go to Afghanistan, but little chance of raiding will there be, I thought, as they have framed laws there, and laws are no good to anybody. I will hie myself to the south, slay a Khan and seize his lands. People would hear my name as a great warrior and flock to me. I might even be a King of Delhi, who knows?

"I journeyed far and wide as a holy man and as a Hakeem turn-about. Green valleys and parched hills did I traverse, till I saw the fire-carriage of the Feringhis.

"Tiring of my life amongst the hills, I took myself to see what lay beyond the Khyber, for much did I hear from the pony merchants of Kabul about the golden fields of Hindustan; and following no paths I came to Kohat. There I saw the fire-carriage again swiftly moving wooden rooms packed with white soldiers to the Quetta hills. Of a truth the might of the fire-carriage overawed even me, and my heart wished to conquer its force. Long I sat devising means to that end, hidden behind a pipal tree; then nothing occurring to me, I resolved at least to get inside one of its wooden rooms. For two nights did I hide, seeking an opportunity from the mulberry grove behind which the empty wooden rooms of the fire-carriage stood. It was just after the rich gloaming of the hills was fading that I stole into one of its rooms. When it started, praise be to Allah, it ran faster by far than any hill pony. I said so to the Feringhi sitting opposite me in the compartment. He was startled by my voice as he read a paper, considering himself alone, but he had not perhaps been long on the frontier, otherwise he would have known that the wild men of the Khyber need not get in the carriage by the door, nor necessarily when the carriage is at a standstill.

"I did not kill him because his revolver case hung carelessly on a peg from which he did not notice my extracting of his weapon. The possession of his fire-arm I considered sufficient when I leaped into the gloom of a wayside station when the fire-carriage was still moving slowly. Sleeping in a wheat-field at night; it was a larger village than I had seen on the frontier when in the morning I strolled and found myself looking hungrily at the heap of a long red fruit where a Hindu sold it by weight. A whole rupee's worth would I have of this new fruit of Hindustan. The Hindu desisted somewhat in weighing, and asked me whether I was sure that I wanted as much as a rupee's worth. I can't bandy words when I am hungry, and in reply I only half showed my Afghan blade. To my delight he gave me a load of it.

"Hardly had I eaten two fruits, red, thin, like fingers they were, than I discovered that I did not relish the taste. They made my tongue smart, my mouth aglow. Tears began to appear from my eyes, my nose began to run. I felt ill and my blood was up. I eat more, a handful, to see whether the first feeling could be killed by additional eating, but it made matters worse. My forehead throbbed, I began to perspire, my mouth was in flames. I could hardly see my way by my tear-dimmed eyes. But when the Hindu boys ran after me clapping their hands, as if following one demented, shouting, 'Look at the man of the hills eating red chillies by the handful' I felt the limit of human endurance had been reached. In my agony, I swore that not only would I have the blood of the man who sold the fruit to me, but also that of everyone in the village.

"At least thrice did I draw my knife and cut the fruit, refusing to be beaten. My eyes began to swim in my head as I threw myself on the reed stead beside a booth in the village fair; and whose shop do you think it was? The same wretched chillie seller's; and there did I lose my senses. I jumped at the person weighing the satanic fruit, fastened my teeth at my victim's neck. After a scramble I escaped and was glad to find myself once again under the shadows of my native Khyber Pass.

"As I reached the village which is now hostile, through which you and I have passed to-night, I saw a woman at the sight of whom such sensations arose in my mind as I have not known in battle, battles that I loved; and I then thought that that feeling must be love, and resolved forthwith to wed the daughter of the priest, as she was, even if I had to slay the father if he refused his daughter's hand to me.

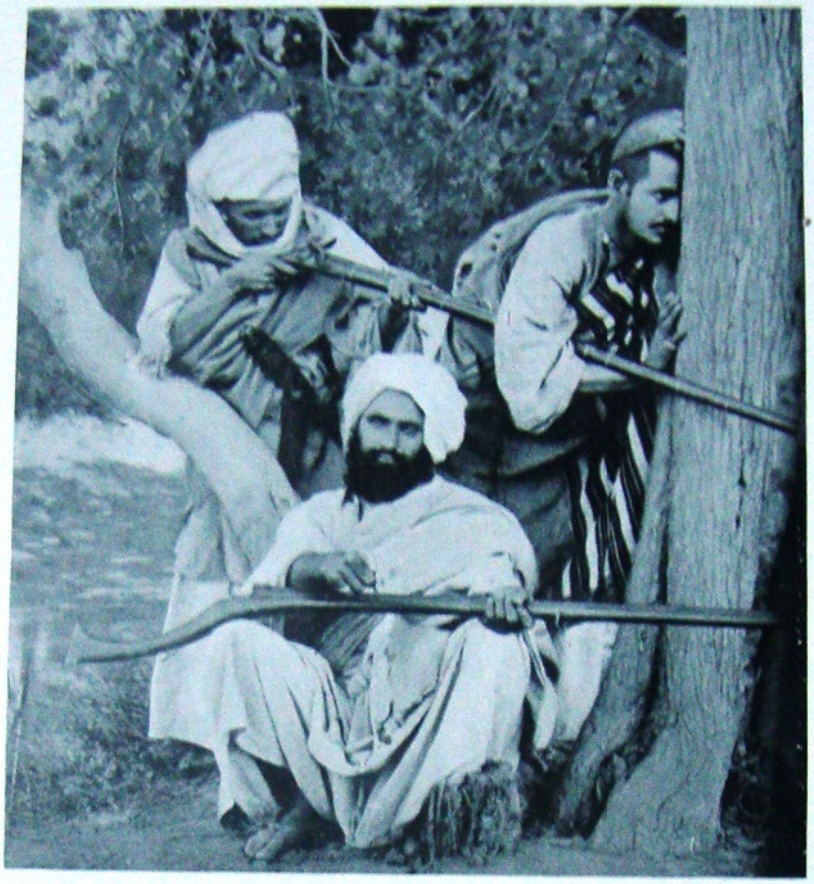
"My clansmen, hearing of my return, took me to my village, and made me the chief, because my father had died in the meantime, but the Mullah's daughter they would not have as my wife, and that explains her living in this village as my wedded partner in life. The neighbouring chief's daughter I would not wed, and he waged war upon me, but battle I do not mind. What puzzled me most was how to celebrate the wedding, as I had no money. A Hindu money-lender in Peshawar volunteered to assist, and how the cash was got and the claim met is a story that is better told by the Chief Scout himself."

At this a gaunt son of the wild Khyber Pass, whose presence I had not noticed before, at the command of his master, came forward, and having been introduced to me as the Chief Scout, prime minister and general factotum combined, began:

"The story of the money-lender," he said, and a mischievous light played in his eyes, "is soon told. All that we wanted was a thousand rupees for the wedding, and after the sum was got and spent, thrice did I take eleven hundred rupees to the Hindu money-lender in Peshawar to pay off the debt, and thrice did he return the money, saying that he was in no hurry for the repayment. But after the third year he put in an application in the Feringhi (British) court of India, demanding ten thousand rupees as principal and interest. The glib-tongued Babu lawyer talked for hours in the court, pressing the claims of the money-lender; and the white judge, looking through many books of law, said that my master must pay, but my master did

not see eye to eye with that judgment. Thereupon I went to the Hindu with three thousand rupees, which he accepted as part payment, and had me flung in a jail as a guarantee for the payment of the balance.

"But jail cannot keep a son of the Khyber in prison for long, and within two days I had escaped and beat back to my village. My master resolved to take the law into his own hands. He sent the balance to the money-lender and apologised for having inconvenienced him, and offered to send presents to him when his clansmen came to Peshawar for their monthly shopping. This was necessary, otherwise the money-lender would have had the English court keep a ban on the entry of our men into the British territory.



"In the name of Allah," shouts the Khyber brigand, "would I give you mercy, but you must approach me unarmed. This is Khyber, my domain!"

"One day a bridal procession trekking down from the Khyber Pass approached the gates of Peshawar. The bridal litter was followed by other covered litters bearing the dowry articles, and there were quite two hundred of us. Music from the small drums added to the charm of the occasion, whilst all the best swordsmen of our village gaily danced, whirling themselves about, slashing the air with their Afghan blades all the way as we passed through the streets of the town. From the story-tellers' bazaar through the food market, then by way of the cloth mart to the goldsmiths' lane, the procession moved, and when I, being in the rear, saw the procession well inside the narrow streets of the bankers and the litters arrived close to the money-lender's house, I gave the signal. The curtains of the litters were thrown open, every man took out his rifle from the heavy load in the litters, and a shouting, yelling pack of the wild Khyber men swept upon the money-lender's house. Pickets held both ends of the street, whilst not a sou did we spare for the Hindu; papers, gold, silver, notes, everything we bundled up. Locking his womenfolk in a cell, a dozen of the stoutest of us bore the fainting, begging money-lender with the booty across the mulberry avenue surrounding the city, and I saw our pickets exchange shots to cover us from the frontier armed police as we climbed up and on into the vastness of the Khyber. What a welcome did we get at the village! Pounds of gold ornaments, silver and coin in heaps, were distributed amongst the gallant members of the band. It was five times more than what we ever paid to the money-lender for his debt. As to the notes, we were not sure. Papers we burnt, and my master spotted the yellow page of the English court, bearing his thumb impression for the debt of a thousand rupees, in the flames. We held the fat Hindu at ransom for ten thousand rupees, or twenty rifles, and when I pushed him across the border line after the receipt of ransom, I was glad he did not come to me as the share of the booty, for he, being a Hindu, would not eat meat; and pulse and rice we had little. Besides he practised many heathen ways."

This all-night sitting of story telling came to a close as a hand-maiden from the female quarters brought a message from her mistress that she wished the Chieftain to retire to his bed, as the night was already passed. But it was too late, for as we ascended the watch-tower the faithful were going to prayer.

As I emerged from the mosque and looked beyond the valley a spectacle met my eyes that beggars description. On the rocky hilltops far away, wild figures of the Frontier men moved about mysteriously as if endeavouring to put out the tremendous conflagration of the rising sun. The reflected rays struck gold on their rifles and the delicate light danced across the barbed-wire entanglements which separated their country from the Orakzoe men. It was from that corner that I heard the drone of an aeroplane, and within an hour two English gentlemen who had travelled by that machine were welcomed by the Chieftain in his house. The younger of the two new arrivals counted to the last rupee the monthly allowance of the Chief, while the other, a medical missionary, set about examining my host's eye with a view to an operation. But nothing tickled me more than the statement of Sultan Khan when he said to the Padre Sahib that he was a Christian. "You believe in Trinity," explained the Khyber Chief, "and so do I, my Trinity being God, the Koran, and the Prophet."

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THE LEPCHA

A Whole Page of Good Shots

According to an advertisement, golf balls for the Tropics are specially made to stand the heat. Even so, we have sometimes seen a golfer fan his ball before hitting it.

* * *

HUBBY (*on phone*): "Sorry, honey, I'll be awfully busy at the office and can't get home till late."
WIFIE: "Can I depend on that?"

* * *

It's a wonderful thing for the women,
The popular permanent wave;
Now it's up to some struggling inventor
To get out a permanent shave.

Hubby's Lament

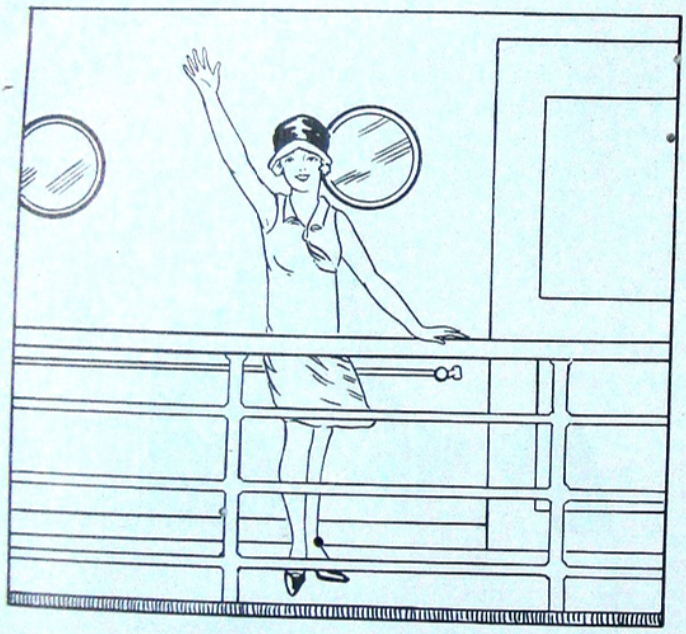
They say the baby looks like me,
A circumstance I dreaded;
But the only likeness I can see
Is that we're both bald-headed.

He joined the air service; he was no good on earth.

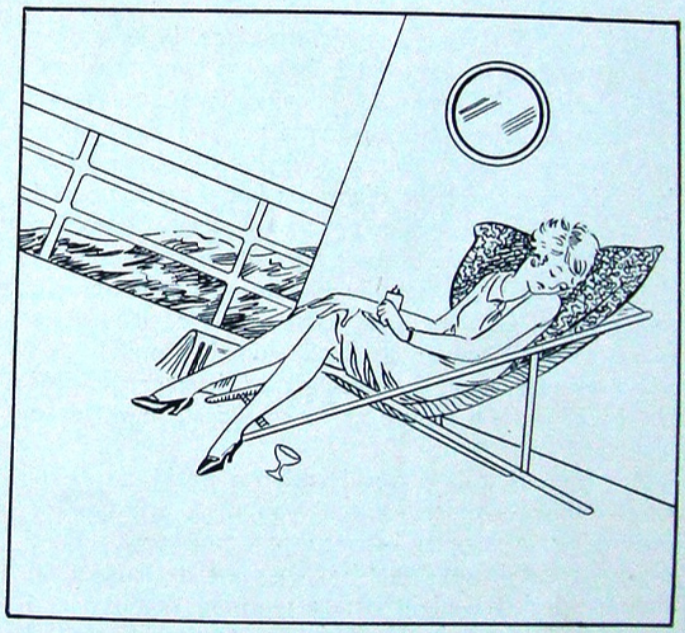
* * *

He's in the African jungles, trying to get down off an elephant.

THOSE OUT-OF-SEASON PASSAGES AT REDUCED RATES!



A Camera Pose—leaving Bombay



A Snapshot—two days later

A friend informs us he has been contradicted in the statement that London is the foggiest place in the world. His critic added, "I was once in a foggier place myself." "Where was that?" was the dubious enquiry. "I don't know," answered the clever fellow, "it was too foggy."

* * *

Her handwriting was terrible, but she certainly could make Eyes.

To Share a Flat

OWNER: "Have you any children?"

PROSPECTIVE TENANT: "No."

OWNER: "Do you keep dogs?"

P. T.: "No."

OWNER: "Or any other animals?"

P. T.: "No, but I must tell you one thing which may disturb you. I strop my own razor."

The Scotchman was bound for London, and at each station he left his compartment, hurried into the station, to rush back to his seat again before the train started. After this had been repeated many times, a fellow-passenger finally asked the reason. "It's because of my heart," the Scotchman explained. "The doctor says I may drop off at any time, and I'm buying my ticket from station to station."

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA

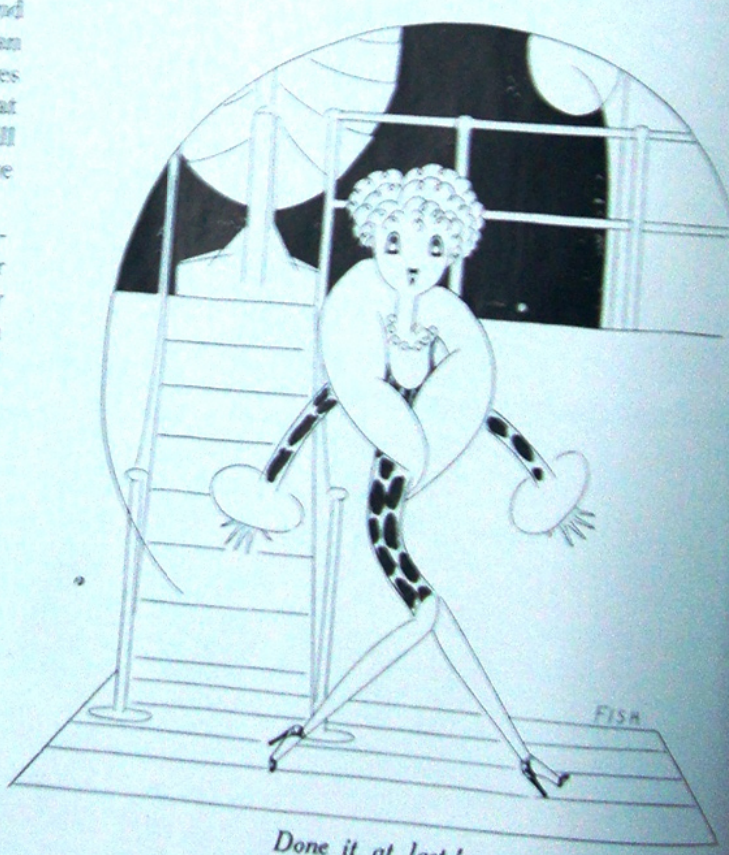
By LADY KITTY RITSON
Illustrated by "FISH"

Specially Written and Illustrated for "India Monthly Magazine"

A LONG voyage is like marriage, in so far as it is a lottery; but it is worse than marriage, for the possible complications are more numerous. After all, in marriage you can either be divinely happy, you can make the best of a bad job, or you can be divorced; but there is no end to the ramifications of a voyage. I knew a woman who set off to India to meet her future husband, and the next time I saw her she was married to a German and lived in German East Africa. Hence it behoves every young woman to make up her mind that whatever she may do during the journey, it will not be of such a nature as to complicate her future plans.

A voyage is a little world within a world, an existence within an existence, and you must arrange for everything to happen between port and port. How often have I heard heart-broken vows exchanged on the boat-deck the night before reaching Bombay, and promises to meet in Kashmir or at some "week"! When the time came, neither of the people wished to begin the affair over again and relations were, to say the least, strained. For Heaven's sake be artistic over your love-affairs, and don't succumb to the temptation of that last evening at the Yacht Club. If you knew how haggard and forlorn you looked after sitting on the boat-deck till two in the morning, you would spend your time massaging your face and manicuring your nails, instead of proclaiming to the world at large that you have passed another milestone in your life. Girls! listen to the advice of one who has misspent many a voyage between Marseilles and Bombay, between Liverpool and Rio—say "good-bye" the night before landing, and *let it be good-bye*. Flirtations provide *hors d'œuvres* and a nice cut from the joint, but they don't run to savouries. The latter only leave a nasty taste in the mouth.

If you want to learn the real perfect technique of board-ship love, watch one of the old campaigners



Done it at last!
(*The Boat-deck Episode*)

who is sure to be on the warpath. Every line has an habitué who has travelled by one or other of its boats for æons and æons. She always looks the same, she is perfectly turned-out, and she always keeps the Young Man in Attendance of the moment in a state of rapt devotion. She is sure to have a nickname; she may be known as "the Panther" or "the Man-eater," but you will meet her, if you are travelling on the Nippon Yushen Kaisha, the Blue Anchor, the P. & O., or the Marittima Italiana. Shanghai knows her dark loveliness, Peshawar raves over her golden locks, and Iquique rises up and calls her blessed—perhaps. But you will meet her, wherever you journey, and you cannot do better than copy her.

It tells of Defeat and Disaster
(*Bacon and Egg Episode*)

She is kind, she is amusing, and she is honest; also, she knows how to manage her affairs like a lady. You never hear of her causing young men to blow out their brains or to ruin themselves, and never, never does she permit them to become a nuisance. Not for her vulgar wrangles at the cabin door; they descend, burdened with cushions and books, and, laying them humbly on her berth, depart in reverence and lowliness, happy at having been permitted to serve their goddess. When they marry, she sends them a lovely wedding present, if she can remember their name, and all their life they thank Heaven that it permitted them to love such an one.

Not for her the vulgarity of the boat-deck with its dark corners and windswept deck. A thousand times, no! She lies gracefully and openly on the promenade-deck in a long chair, and her enslaving is the more potent that it is so subtle.

However much the madness of the sea may mount to your brain, do try to realise that it is not in the least necessary to descend from that same boat-deck with scarlet cheeks and tousled hair and a general air of "done it at last." We have all of us—in the days of our youth—been kissed on the boat-deck, just as we have had the measles; when the last trump sounds, someone will be murmuring, "You mustn't, really you mustn't," meaning, "Oh, do it again." But try to get this infantile disease as lightly and as decorously as possible, and be as little offensive to your fellow-passengers as may be.

It is only in the pages of our "best sellers" that the seasick heroine is irresistible. "He loved her for her weakness," said one of the strong silent men of fiction; but, believe me, this is never the case in real life. If you must be seasick, be so, in the seclusion and with those aids to decorum so kindly provided by our shipping companies. Do not imagine that your eyes grow "wide and dark-rimmed" and your face becomes "ashen-white." Not at all. Your eyes disappear into the back of your head and you turn browny-yellow. Do not emulate those brave souls who stagger forth for breakfast and who "hear a voice thou canst not hear, that says I must not stay," and consequently leave the eggs and bacon congealing on their plates. Nothing is more discouraging for the new breakfast arrival than the sight of those eggs and bacon. It is like the white bones of a camel fallen by the roadside to an ardent explorer. It tells of defeat and disaster. Unless you are, humanly speaking, sure that you can savour the taste of fat ham and feel merry at the sight of the miniature waves in your tea-cup, remain in your cabin, singing between your spasms, "Britannia rules the waves." You will, at least, be holding the right thought, if you succeed in doing nothing else.

Do not, in the onrush of loneliness which assails you when you see the shores of England receding, make friends with the first kind old colonel who

accosts you. Old colonels are the devil and all. They say, "Eh? what! what!" and wring the soup from their moustaches. Just when one is planning a delightful trip ashore with some delectable subaltern, the old colonel looms up and says, "You come ashore with me—eh? what! what! Knew your father in the Soudan. Old enough to be your father myself, what! what! Much safer with me than with this boy. Off you go, young feller-me-lad."

Of course the wretched subaltern can do nothing but say, "Yes, sir," although he means, "Blast you!" and you have to go off with the old colonel, who drags you round the dullest places, "what, what-ing" like a machine gun. Keep yourself to yourself till you have reached Port Said and you have sorted out your fellow-passengers, otherwise, even if you escape the colonel, you will find yourself landed with a young man who wants you to help him choose presents for his fiancée, and if that isn't the most boring thing that can happen to any woman, tell me another.

It's not that I want my escort to care two hoots about me, in reality, but I do draw the line at seeing, so to speak, another woman's image in his eyes all the time, and when I am pouring out the tea to know that it is evoking sacred memories or sacred futures. Engaged men are always in a state of "God bless good women and all the little bunny-rabbits," and they see in every woman a potential mother. Oh! I know the type well, so beware.

Cultivate a sense of humour and a sense of discrimination, and you will pull through the perils of the voyage.

Four Ladies at Bridge

"Let's see—did I do this?"

"No, the deal was there. I think you dealt last time. Remember—you started the bidding at three hearts?"

"How could it have been my deal when the cards were there?"

"Oh, the deuce! That was my mistake. I should have put them on my right. Yes, it was your deal—bid."

"That's right, I remember now; I did deal. Let's see—oh, a diamond."

"Well!"

"Oh, pardon me, did you call?"

"Yes; my partner bid one diamond—oh, a heart!"

"One diamond—one heart. Let me see—a diamond, a heart. It's up to me, isn't it? Let's see. Oh, I'll say one diamond."

"You'll have to say two."

"Yes, you'll have to make it two diamonds. Your partner bid one diamond and my partner bid a heart."

"All right, two diamonds, then."

"A diamond, a heart, two diamonds. Let's see. Oh, I'll make it two spades."

"You didn't raise my heart bid, did you, partner?"

"No, I went two spades."

"Now, let me see. A diamond, a spade, two diamonds, and you bid two spades, didn't you?"

"No, no—a diamond, a heart, two diamonds, two spades!"

"Oh, yes, pardon me. I'll pass."

"Two spades has it, then."

"No! It goes around."

"It goes 'round."

"It's 'up to me, then, isn't it? Let's see, what was the bid?"

"I started one diamond."

"I said a heart."

"I said two spades."

"Then I passed."

"I passed, and now it's up to you."

"Then it's my call, isn't it? Three clubs!"

"You couldn't raise the diamonds, could you, partner?"

"No—three clubs!"

"Three clubs it is, then."

"Oh, no! It goes around to me!"

"That's right—it goes to her."

"Yes, it goes around again."

"Let's see—it's me, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's up to you."

"Oh, dear! Hold on! I've got fourteen cards!"

"Oh, dash! I've only got twelve!"

"Mis-deal!"

"Re-deal!"

"New deal!"

"Let's see—whose deal is it?"

INCENSE

Specially drawn for "Judge Weekly Magazine"

Versatile Verse

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This feature will consist of amateur poems. Our readers are invited to submit original poems for consideration and, if acceptable, publication. The name of the author will be printed after each contribution, unless the contributor desires it to be omitted.

Flapperism

She was a vision of despair
When first she bobbed her thin grey hair.
A poor deluded Grandma, sent
To have her wave made permanent.

Her skirts reached hardly to her knees;
Her poor thin calves exposed to breeze.
Her thimble hat was pulled well down,
Her collar turned up to the crown.

Then joining in the Social race
She tried with youth to keep apace—
In hopes the years would pass her by
And she could sport with younger fry.

Oh, dear old Dames of former days,
Do you think "Flapperism" pays?
We want you with your caps and curls
To show our modern boys and girls

That age and dignity combined
To lift you high above your kind,
When gracious manners shed around
An atmosphere now rarely found.

My Room

I have a little room
Which all belongs to me,
And everything that's in it
Holds some dear memory.

Its windows overlook the sky,
And sitting in my chair,
I think and dream of days to come,
Although they'll be a care.

In my room are shelves of books,
Although they're not so rare,
I love them and I hold them dear,
Though they're much the worse for wear.

For my room is like my soul,
There's always room for more;
For things more great and beautiful
Than it has seen before.

The Caravan

Across the golden desert,
Across the burning sand,
Winding—curving—ever on,
At the mercy of God's hand.

Laden with silks and spices
From India and Japan,
Winding—curving—ever on,
Comes the Caravan.

Travelling beneath the starry sky,
Beneath the burning sun,
Winding—curving—ever on,
Until the task is done.

Starved—thirsty—homesick,
The Caravan wends its way,
Winding—curving—ever on,
Through the night and day.

Until—its destination reached—
Again it rests in peace,
Winding—curving—on no more,
At last its toil shall cease.

Golf

In younger days
Our ball went straight,
A long, long, long, long way.
Our brassy swings
And puts were true,
And chip shots found their way.

In later days
Our drives stop short
And shorter every day;
Yet such is golf—
It makes but nought
Of diff'rence anyway.

When we were boys
It was a game;
The game! We used to play.
But now 'tis more
Our friends and pals,
And pictures on the way.

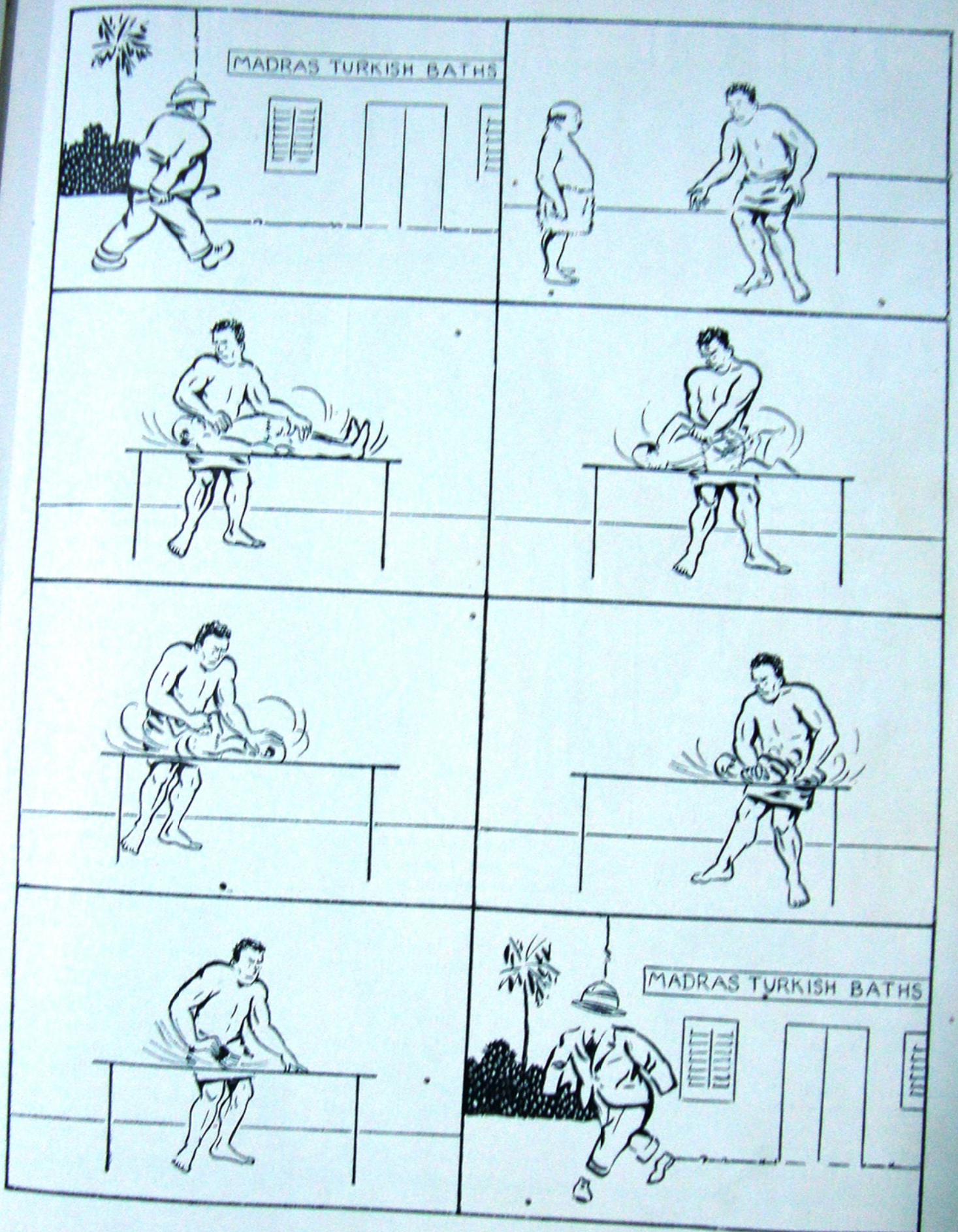
Reading in Bed

Sing me no lullabies, give me instead
Plenty of leisure for reading in bed.
Calls on the telephone happily cease,
Friends and intruders now leave you in peace.

Get a good book that is drowsy and mild,
Leave out the mystery tales that are wild.
Stories of travel and fishing and sport,
Soothing and healthy for nerves overwrought.

Settle down comfortably—banish all care,
Say to yourself that these moments are rare.
Realise in luxury hours ahead
May be devoted to reading in bed.

Joys are but fleeting in coming this way,
When we are turning our night into day.
Just as I'm happiest, miserable plight,
I get too sleepy, and turn off the light!



WHY WASTE . . . . . WORDS.

Acknowledgements to O. Sudlow.

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

By — Miss Macara

At the left Jeanne Lanvin's wonderful evening gown showing the uneven hem-line and the use of tiers so much in vogue. The gown and wrap at the right are by Beer. Mousseline with flower design in rose and grey; the crossed belt holds in place the two panels, which break the hem-line.

UPON A DAY

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Specially Written and Illustrated for "India Monthly Magazine"

UPON a day birds were piping in the lane, a leafy, narrow lane that wound away between flowery banks crowned with hedges and shaded by trees; and George turned from dusty highroad and followed it because it was, in very truth, an English lane such as he had hungered and yearned for many a time during these latter desperately hard years, driving before the sudden fury of tropical seas, gasping amid the stifling heat of mangrove swamp, marching through dense primeval forest or across burning desert.

So George swung his stout cudgel in brown, sinewy hand and trudged blithely on, his very respectable hat cocked above lean, scarred brown face at somewhat of an angle.

He went with leisured stride, looking about him joyfully, pausing now and then to peer at some wild flower a-bloom in the hedge, to hearken to the trill of thrush or blackbird or snuff hungrily at fugitive honeysuckle spray.

"And I'll be shot," said George, nodding at the honeysuckle spray—"ay, begad, you can sink me if in all this world there's such another land as England!"

Some half-hour's easy going brought him where this narrow, shady lane crossed the dusty highway; and here, very convenient to dusty wayfarers, stood a small tavern, a sleepy, snug place, so thither turned George forthwith.

Now above the open door of this tavern was a signboard with the words:

THE HAPPY MAN
BY
JOS. WRIGHT

And beneath this legend was a painting of the "happy man" in question, who seemed indeed a person of such determined and pertinacious cheeriness that, although he was so dim and faded by time and stress of weather as to be no more than a vague blur here and there, yet he still smiled as jovially as upon that remote day when he had been painted.

George halted and, crossing powerful hands on the head of his cudgel, stared up at this so happy man, and, beholding his indomitable smile, George's clean-shaven lips curved up to show his strong, white teeth in smile that brightened his grim, dark features in manner very good to see; and at this moment a man stepped out of the tavern, a hearty-seeming fellow, in apron and shirt-sleeves and with a bill-hook in his fist.

"Good morning, shipmate!" quoth George, hailing him with easy familiarity. "Are you Jos Wright?"

"Ay, I be, sur!" nodded the man, smiling as broadly as the painted man above the door.

"Why, then, friend Jos, I like your sign yonder, so I'll come aboard and take a pint of 'old.' Belike you'll drink with me?"

"Thankee kindly an' wi' arl me 'art, sur!" answered Jos and led the way into neat, cool tap-room, its tiled floor new-sanded, bottles and glasses twinkling.

George, surveying the landlord above frothing pewter, nodded and drank, while the landlord, knuckling an eyebrow, drank also and, surveying George the while, saw him for a deep-chested, quick-moving, brown-faced man in unpowdered wig and three-cornered hat, and, though his full-skirted, blue coat was very plain, its buttons were of silver, and, moreover, though his dusty shoes and stockings proved he tramped humbly afoot, he wore that distinctive badge of rank, to wit, a sword.

Therefore when George sat down on the high-backed settle, landlord Jos knuckled eyebrow again and remained standing, respectfully.

"Youm a traveller, sur?" he questioned.

"Ay, faith, I've been here and there."

"India, p'raps, sur?"

"Ay, I've been there."

"Lord! And—Hafrica, sur?"

"I was there also. But sit down, Jos."

"The—the Spanish Main, sur, eh?"

"I was wrecked on the Main and cast away among the Indians."

"Lord love me eyes, sur!" exclaimed Jos, subsiding upon the nearest seat. "Pannymar, now—did ye ever chance that way, sur—Pannymar?"

"I was wounded and left for dead at Panama."

"Why then, sur, why then," cried Jos, slopping ale in his eagerness, "in all your comin's and goin's did ye hap' ever to hear aught of our squire? Squire Meryan were 'is name. Did 'ee, sur?"

"The world's pretty large, shipmate," answered George, smiling, "and in those latitudes folk be mighty scarce, even Indians. But what o' your squire? Let's hear."

Nothing loath, Jos set down his tankard and began:

"This be the way on't, sur. Young squire were wildish, sur, an' owd squire, his feyther, were mighty fierce, fur'ous, and fiery, so one day owd squire draws sword on young squire for to kill 'e, so they say, but young squire tak's the sword away, breaks it afore th'owd man's face an' runs off to sea—and there be the end o' 'e."

"And is this the end o' your tale?" inquired George above lifted tankard.

"Why, no, sur, 'tis but the beginnin'—for owd squire, bein' lonesome-loike, do 'ee see, 'dopts a young child, a liddle bit of a thing as was found in 'er dead mother's arms——"

"Boy or girl?"

"A gell, sur."

"And who was the mother?"

"Nobody knowed, sur; a stranger were she. 'Ows'ever, the owd squire 'dopted of 'er and 'as 'er eddicated into a leddy—ah, and a rare fine-looker she be, I tell 'ee, sur, sure-ly-and no mistake. Well, owd squire calls 'er 'is darter and mighty fond and lovin' they be, 'im and 'er. But one day noos comes as young squire be wrecked—drowned or killed somewheres Pannymar way, and that same year owd squire tak's an' dies and leaves Meryan-Dene, that be the 'Great 'ouse,' sur, and all 'is money and everything to this here 'dopted darter, Mistress Rosamond or Rose as folk do call her——"

"And 'tis mighty pretty name, yon!" said George, nodding. "Ay, 'tis a notable good name, being so sweetly English."

"Ay, sur, and fits 'er too, it do!" quoth Jos, nodding also. "'Ows'ever, th' owd squire bein' dead and buried las' year, Mistress Rose becomes our squire, do 'ee see, and a rare good un she makes! Looks arter 'er tenantry proper, she do, and that open-'anded—Lord! But——" Here Jos paused to shake curly head, sigh, and take a gulp of ale.

"Ay, ay!" nodded George. "There's always a 'but' somewhere, some time or other. What is it, Jos?"

"Sir, 'tain't a 'it'—'tis a ''e'!"

"Ha, a man?"

"No, sur—a gen'leman, one o' the quality, and a mighty proud gen'leman 'e be!"

"Who?"

"Name o' Beamish, sur, from Lonnon—Sir Jonas Beamish. It do seem as he be sort o' kin to the owd squire—so down 'e comes to Meryan-Dene wi' lawyers and wot-not and proves as owd squire's will be all wrong and can't never be nowise right no'ow, and—well, th' end on it is 'e, 'im and his lawyers, turns Mistress Rose out, and this week she's got to pack an' go, more's the pity, leave Meryan-Dene for good an' all, and not a soul 'ereabouts as bean't a-grieving for 'er, pore soul! And there y'are, sur!"

"A touching story, Jos, and hath lasted my ale out. My thanks! And now I'll stand away on my course." So saying, George rose and took up hat and stick.

"Lord, sur," sighed the landlord, following him to the door, "'tis wonnerful to think as you've seen so much o' the world!"

"I started young, Jos, a mere lad."

"And, sur, axing your pardon, but 'tis woundy scar as you carry on your face."

"'Tis memento o' the Spanish Main, Jos. Farewell to thee, messmate; haply we shall meet again—who knows?"

"I do 'ope so, sur, sure-ly!" quoth Jos heartily, rubbing palm on apron before grasping the hand his visitor extended. "There'll allus be a welcome for 'ee at 'The Happy Man.'"

"And may you always be like him, Jos."

Noon

So George trudged upon his way again, while, from the green twilight of woods thrush and Blackbird piped, and from blue heaven larks sang to him, and he, oft stopping, the better to hear, see, smell, and enjoy again this part of "Merrie England" named Sussex.

At last he began to glance about as one who seeks a familiar object, and presently halted before a stile set deep within tall hedge, an aged stile that gave upon a grassy glade bordered by woodland whose greeny depths were splashed and mottled by vivid sunbeams. Vaulting this stile, George walked on, breathing an air fragrant with spicy odours, treading grass smooth and soft as velvet, and moving as silently as any Indian savage in primeval forest. Suddenly he halted, head uplifted, nostrils expanded, keen eyes fixed in the one direction whence, from amid dense growing underbrush beside the way, a sound had reached his sharp ears—the desolate, wailing sob of a woman.

Moving with the same stealth, he advanced, and so cautiously that scarcely a leaf stirred. . . .

She lay at the foot of a tree, face down amid the fern, in the very abandonment of grief, her sunny hair all about her like a glory, while from beneath tumbled draperies peeped slender ankle and a little foot in dainty buckled shoe.

George halted again and, leaning upon his stick, watched her beneath wrinkled brows.

All at once she rose to her knees and with wild, passionate gesture clasped her arms about the tree and clung there, sobbing.

"Good-bye!" she gasped. "Oh, farewell to all of you—for ever! . . . Ah, my poor heart! . . . Good-bye!"

And, with the word, she kissed the tree's rugged bark again and again, insomuch and with fervour so fierce that George sighed in gentle reproach:

"Here's piteous great waste, lady!"

In an instant she was upon her feet facing him, a noble shape framed in her shimmering, corn-coloured hair, a glorious face for all its tears, great-eyed, vivid-lipped. Thus for a moment she stared in a breathless silence, then questioned him, round chin proudly aloft:

"Who—who are you?"

"A wanderer, lady, out o' foreign parts," he answered, hat in hand. "To such as know me, I'm George—name or surname, George shall serve. And you, as I think, are Mistress Rose."

"Yes," she answered, her great eyes still intent.

"Yes, I . . . I am Rose, alas! . . . But who are you? Why are you here?"

"To bid you weep no more, lady."

At this she shook her head and, bowing lovely face between her hands, wept more bitterly than ever.

"Alas!" she sobbed, "alas! to leave it all! My trees—my people—my flowers—my home——"

George moved forward with his stealthy Indian stride and, reaching out long arm before she was aware, touched that grief-stricken, golden head, but with hand so strangely gentle and so very reverent that she glanced up at him through her tears, wondering and with the small ghost of a smile, for when he spoke, his voice was kind and gentle as his comforting touch.

"Ah, but," sighed she, "a lonely woman is so very, so infinite lonely."

"Not if she find a trusty soul to share her loneliness."

Here Mistress Rosamond lifted drooping head and looked on him through tear-wet lashes, viewed him with the deep, questioning gaze of lonely and fearful womanhood—his square, bronzed face, his wide-set, honest eyes, his firm-lipped, kindly mouth; all this she saw, and therewith so much more beside that with the swift grace that seemed part of her she sank down beneath the tree and motioned him beside her.

"But who are you? Why are you here?"
"To bid you weep no more, lady."

"Tell me your sorrow, I pray. Sit you here with me i' this goodly sun and speak your trouble, child."

"Sir, I am no child," sighed she. "And I despise tearful women; and yet I weep and am tearful because—oh, to-day I must lose all that I do so love. To-day I must go away—out into the cruel world, and—and I am very lonely."

"Why, then," said George, in his deep, soft voice, "herein I perceive an affinity betwixt us, for I am lonely too."

"Sir," said she, yet viewing him with her clear, direct gaze, "though stranger you be to me, yet strange you seem not, but like one known long since and long out o' mind. I wonder why?"

"Doubtless," he answered gravely, "'tis by reason that once, within some long-forgotten age, we knew each other passing well. Howbeit 'twas of you I thought this morning as I trod yon shady lane and hearkened to the blithe carol of these sweet-throated English birds."

"Of me?" she questioned, opening great eyes. "But why o' me, sir?"

"Because thou art Rosamond, Mistress Rose."

"And what know you of her?"

"No more than you will tell me."

"Now truly," said she, shaking lovely head at him, "though stranger you seem not, yet of all men you are strangest, sir."

"And, Mistress Rose," said he, "by such as do trust me I am named George."

"And 'tis name sweetly familiar," she sighed, "for he that cherished and fathered me—he was a George, likewise. He found me very small and desolate, a shivering babe in a cold world, he took me in, cared for, and made me what—what I am."

"Why, then," quoth George fervently, "may God bless him for ever!"

"Amen!" she murmured reverently.

"Well, but I am a George also, Mistress Rose, and I find you, alas! weeping desolate in a wood. Now to share trouble is to ease it, they say; so if you will, tell me all your sorrow, trust your griefs to me because my name is George."

At this she smiled again, though when she spoke her soft voice quavered piteously:

"Oh, friend George, to-day I am an outcast—destitute and penniless, miless—miless I—I——"

"Marry Jonas?"

"Ah!" she cried, recoiling. "You know him?"

"Not a whit!" answered George gravely. "But as you'll notice, I have ears. Would the fellow force marriage on you?"

"Worse!" she cried fiercely. "Oh, worse! He hath a wife, a grand lady in London, and—and here's the shame of it."

"So here, Mistress Rosamond, here's the reason you kiss your so loved trees farewell; you are for quitting the rogue's evil neighbourhood?"

"Indeed," she sighed, "to-night I shall be homeless."

"Whither shall you go?"

"There is a small tavern in the lane by the cross-roads."

"I know it!" nodded George. "'Tis called 'The Happy Man' and kept by one Jos Wright."

"Yes," she answered. "They know me, and I shall be safe there—for one night."

"And where shall you go after?"

"Indeed I—I have not thought; but anywhere so it be far from here and—Sir Jonas."

"And, pray tell me, have you the—the wherewithal to travel far? Money?"

"I have these clothes," she answered, glancing down at her plain attire. "And this ring: it was my mother's, sir. All else belongs to Sir Jonas, the lawyers tell me. For he—he is master now! . . . The dear, old house—he meaneth to pull it down and build anew! And, oh, friend George, I do so love its every brick and stone! And now 'tis his by law—his to ruin and destroy!" The troublous voice broke and she drooped her shapely head against the tree.

Now, seeing her thus as it were upon the very point of tears, George spoke hastily and somewhat at random:

"The man Jonas—'tis small wonder you cannot love him . . ."

"How, sir—cannot love him?" cried she, turning in sudden flame of anger and quite forgetting to weep. "And he such a vile wretch! And with a wife! Cannot love him! Think you I ever would or could?"

"No—no——" said George.

"I'd die first—kill myself ere he touch me. I——"

"Yes—yes——" said George.

"Cannot love him, indeed!" cried she, flaring at him like angry goddess. "You insult me—or are you mere fool? What manner of man are you?"

"The merest sailor, mistress, late returned from foreign parts, rough yet honest, and dowered, moreover, with a gift o' prophecy, and being somewhat of a prophet I sometimes prophesy. For instance, I tell thee, Mistress Rose, 'spite all the lawyers in the land, never shalt thou quit Meryan-Dene but by thine own will and most express desire——"

"Ah, cruel!" sighed she. "Would you mock me——?"

"Never—oh, never!" he answered in shocked accents. "For indeed, Rosamond, upon my life, I would but——"

"Oh, hush! Get you gone, sir, and leave me to my grief."

"Then, first, I beseech you, answer me one question."

"Well, sir?"

"Since you so justly hate and despise this Jonas fellow, is there ever a man you—love?"

"No!" she answered, shaking her head and looking at him eye to eye. "Love hath ne'er come nigh me: I have been too busy. Love—'tis foolish toy, a little, silly wanton thing, or—great enough to fill the very universe, and such love is passing rare, methinks."

"And yet," said he, staring up at the rustling leaves above them, "true love may be born in an instant o' time—a glance, a word, a sigh mayhap. How think you?"

"That 'tis a cruel world and very wicked!"

"Nay, but this is England—God be thanked, child—and thou with thy corn-bloom hair and sea-blue eyes, the very soul of it, for sure in all this world no land is fairer! Harkee to the birds! Behold you flowers abloom i' the grass! Smell you the spicy breathing o' this sweet English copse! Sense you not all the magic and very wonder on't?"

"Oh, I do—I do!" cried Rosamond, upstarting to her knees with shapely arms outflung as if she would embrace it all. "I love the hush o' the trees, the timid, wild things that scurry 'mid the fern, the joyous ripple of brooks—I love it all and yet must leave it all, and so am I the saddest poor soul, without hope, and friendless——"

"Not so," he answered gently, "for here sitteth now thy friend if thou wilt but honour him with thy faith, a plain fellow yet trusty, and answereth to the name o' George." So saying, he turned to her with look half-whimsical yet very wistful also.

"But," sighed she, viewing him yet with troubled eyes, "I have known thee scarce half an hour."

"And in such little space, child, Old Time hath found for thee a friend, this George—a very brother."

"A—brother?" she murmured.

"An you will," he answered, staring at the leaves again. "Howbeit, here sits one you surely may trust."

"And," said she, suddenly reaching him her hand, "I surely will. Thine eyes are honest; thy looks, thy gestures, the tones of thy voice, all seem kindly familiar. So take, shelter me in thy friendship, for truly I am afraid of the unknown future and sick, ah, sick with dread of what I know too well."

"Then let your terrors end," said he gently, and shaking her hand in his warm, firm clasp, loosed it.

"Come," said she, rising lightly to her feet. "Come, brother George, let us be gone."

"Wheresoever you will," he answered. But scarcely was he afoot than he paused, staying her with a gesture:

"Someone comes!" said he.

"I hear naught."

"You will," he nodded. "Do but wait."

So stood they for a breathless moment 'till was a stir, leaves rustled, a twig snapped, someone began to sing in deep, rich voice; then into George's ready clasp crept her hand again, and now he felt her trembling.

"Yonder," she whispered, shivering—"yonder cometh the reason of my fear. Let us fly! Yet no, hide you behind yon tree, and you shall hear—you shall see!"

A tall man, full-bodied, ruddy of face, with potent eyes and mouth that smiled full-lipped above smooth jut of chin; a very confident, very stately person from powdered wig to gleaming shoe-buckle was Sir Jonas.

"Aha! wouldst fly me, elusive witch?" said he in full-throated, chuckling voice. "So do I leave my jovial company and come a-seeking thee. For, my Rose o' Beauty, thou shalt be mine even as the clothes that deck thy loveliness are mine. Ah, thou Perfection o' Delight, thou Golden Joy Incarnate, formed by kind Nature for dalliance sweet, wherefore seek to shun thy destiny, thy most assured fate? Fly, and my rogues shall chase thee back to my embrace; kill thyself, and Death shall but make thee mine. Hate me, and I'll love thee more; struggle, and——"

The chuckling voice stopped abruptly as George stepped into view, a George upon whose square, bronzed face the scar glowed red, whose eyes scowled, whose mouth showed grim—a face so dreadfully transfigured that Rosamond, clasping sudden hands, shrank

"What—who the devil are you?" demanded Sir Jonas.

back to the tree and leaned there, shuddering; yet when he spoke George's speech seemed slow and placid as ever:

"Alack! Rose, sweet my sister, even our fair England hath its noxious reptiles, 'twould seem, poisonous vermin to foul such pretty solitudes as this!"

"What—who the devil are you?" demanded Sir Jonas, clapping hand to sword, but recoiling before this stark ferocity.

"Begone!" said George. "Wriggle, ere I tread on ye!"

Sir Jonas swore passionately and then out flashed their swords and rang together. . . . A stamp of feet upon the grass, a vicious thrust, a lightning parry, the grind of rasping steel, and, forcing up his opponent's blade, George closed and smote left fist heavily into that ruddy face, a blow so powerful and well judged that Sir Jonas spun upon his heels and fell inert.

"Oh!" gasped Rosamond in voice awfully hushed, and coming beside George, slipped her hand in his again instinctively and stood gazing down at the prostrate man; while George, very conscious of these nestling fingers, gazed on her, heedless of all else. Suddenly she turned and, meeting this look, caught her breath and flushed rosily from rounded throat to golden hair, and therefore drooped her eyes in swift, unwonted shyness, and thus, seeing he yet grasped his naked sword, started guiltily and turned back to the momentarily forgotten and still quiescent Sir Jonas.

"Is he—dead?" she whispered.

"Alas! no, child; he doth but doze, as 'twere. But there lie your terrors, my sister."

"Then come, let us fly."

"But whither?"

"What matter so we go?"

"Wouldst trust thyself to my care, Rosamond?"

"I would trust thee anywhere, George," she answered, nodding up into his glad face. "So put up thy sword and let us run——"

"Not so," he answered in voice glad as his look. "Let us rather sit down again, for the sun is above the main-yard, which means 'tis already high noon and the day grows apace. Also whiles we sit I will prophesy——"

"Ah, no, no!" she cried distressfully. "Here is danger, prithee—prithee let us go!"

"But, Rose, as a prophet I can tell thee——"

"Come, come," she urged feverishly; "we must not tarry here. What of Sir Jonas?"

"'Tis a disease shall trouble thee no more, and——"

"See!" she whispered in quick dread. "Heaven aid us, he is waking!"

"Even so!" nodded George, and seated himself beneath the tree, his sword across his knees. "I pray you sit here beside me, sister Rose," said he, smiling; so down she sank beside him and so near that their shoulders touched.

Then Sir Jonas groaned, stirred, and, sitting up, stared about him in wild, dazed manner, but, catching sight of George, he instantly became profane and loquaciously abusive until he paused for want of breath; then George smiled and shook two disdainful fingers at him in the Spanish manner:

"Faith, Jonas," said he, "you swear none better than you fight; we do it more trippingly aboard ship and the Main. Moreover, my sister Rose honours us, so swear no more lest I choke ye with my cudgel. Also, Jonas, I am a prophet and can foretell coming events infallibly, so now——"

"Get ye off my land, the both o' you!" cried Sir Jonas, rising to his feet somewhat unsteadily, and peering about for his sword.

"So now do I prophesy," continued George serenely, "that upon this day at two o' the clock, or thereabouts, you, Jonas, shall set forth on a journey——"

At this moment Rosamond clasped his arm suddenly as, borne to their ears, came a distant shout, whereat Sir Jonas roared amain in answer.

"Aha!" he chuckled, stabbing fiercely at George with hairy finger, "now will I prophesy that within the next few minutes I'll ha' you safe under lock and key, my bully! As for Rose there——"

George got to his feet, and Sir Jonas, backing away, turned to beckon eagerly as through the wood towards them came three laughing gentlemen and as many lacqueys.

"Seize me that rogue!" cried Sir Jonas, pointing at George, who very deliberately sheathed his sword. "Ha, don't ye hear me, Roger, Will, Tom—seize me yon rascal, I say!"

"Come, my lads," smiled George, "forrard it is. Clap me aboard, and cheerily!"

So the three servants stepped up and seized him, yet not very roughly, perhaps because he was so passive, perhaps because of his happy smile. So they marched him through the wood, Rosamond going with him silent and very troubled, and the gentlemen following full of eager questions and boisterous laughter.

Thus came they at last to the "Great House" of Meryan-Dene, throned upon stately terrace, its many bright lattices winking in the sun. And here they beheld a small, quick, sharp-eyed gentleman who trotted to and fro before the mansion, but who now, espying the approaching company, trotted forwards hat in hand:

"Sir Jonas?" he inquired, glancing from one to other.

"Well, sir, well—what now?" demanded Sir Jonas. "Who are ye, sir, and what's your business?"

"Sir, my name is Sparrow," answered the little gentleman with small, stiff bow, "of Sparrow and Hawk, Lincoln's Inn Fields——"

"Never heard o' you, sir—what d'ye want?"

"I come, Sir Jonas, on matter of moment, business o' the utmost import——"

"Well, it must wait, sir—wait till I've seen this rascal secured," and he gestured towards George, at sight of whom Mr. Sparrow gasped and gaped.

"But—but, Sir Jonas," he stammered, "you—you don't understand—you cannot—impossible——"

"Mr. Sparrow," quoth George, "whisper it in fool Jonas's ear, and bid these fellows loose me and begone."

Mr. Sparrow stared, nodded, and turned to Sir Jonas.

"By your leave, sir," said he, and, standing on tip-toe, whispered a sentence, whereat Sir Jonas recoiled, staring at the small gentleman in speechless dismay.

"No!" cried he at last, raising clenched hands above his head. "'Tis a damnable trick! Prove it—prove it, I say!"

"Instantly, sir," answered Mr. Sparrow; "'tis why I am here. But first, ha' the goodness to free your—prisoner."

Sir Jonas scowled, hesitated, then gestured angrily, whereupon the men freed George and departed muttering, and the three gentlemen likewise. Then Sir Jonas strode into the house, with little Mr. Sparrow trotting close on his heels.

"What—oh, what doth it all mean?" cried Rosamond, glancing from George round about the deserted terrace and back again.

"That our fate is in the balance," he answered lightly. "Meanwhile, let us go sit in yonder shady arbour, for the spirit o' prophecy is upon me again."

But before they could reach the arbour came a breathless footman, who bowed.

"Sir," said he, gasping and goggling, "the gentlemen, sir, crave your presence, sir, in the libree, sir—if you please, sir." And so bowed himself off, while George looked at Rosamond and she at him.

"George," said she, laying her hand upon his arm in sudden anxiety, "you will not fight him again. Promise—oh, promise me."

"I promise," he answered with grave, reassuring smile. "And remember that, come what may, I am thy brother—if thou wilt have it so. Also, bethink thee o' my prophecy and—grieve no more." Then, stooping swiftly to that hand upon his arm, he touched it lightly with his lips and so was gone.

Evening

The setting sun's mellow beams bathed the old house in glory, it even contrived to soften little Mr. Sparrow's sharp features as he ran his keen gaze over the stately pile.

"A noble heritage, sir!" quoth he.

"Yes," answered George, staring across undulating park.

"A handsome property, sir, and all in notable good condition, cottage and farmstead, woodland, fallow, and plough. Mistress Rosamond's stewardship is to be commended, as I ventured to tell——"

"You told her also of—of my decision, Sparrow?"

"I told her, sir, according to your instruction, that 'twas your settled (and preposterous) determination to—ah—relinquish your patrimony in her favour, that you had a mind to go travelling again (though you should ha' had enough o' that), leaving her in full possession."

"Good!" nodded George. "And—what said she?"

"Not a word, sir. Not a syllable. And no wonder! The thing is stupendous, quixotically absurd, and yet—hum! Surely, sir, surely some happier arrangement can be arrived at betwixt ye—eh, sir?" inquired the little gentleman, cocking bright eye. "Mistress Rosamond is extremely—hem—attractive—eh? A glorious creature, sir?"

"Undoubtedly!" nodded George.

"And will be profoundly in your debt and correspondingly grateful—eh?"

"That," sighed George, "that is the devil of it."

"Howbeit, sir, as your father's old man o' business and (I'm proud to say) friend—God rest him!—yours also, I trust, I do most sincerely, most earnestly hope that she——"

"So do I!" nodded George.

"And yonder, sir, my clerk Samson beckons me, and here comes my chaise. Good-bye, my dear sir, and do pray remember—'faint heart'—eh? Methinks she'll prove kind, sir. I' faith she should do, after such chivalrous act, such gift, such unheard-of generosity, such——"

"Good-bye, Sparrow!" sighed George, wringing the attorney's small hand.

So Mr. Sparrow hopped nimbly into the chaise, flourished his hat, and was driven away Londonwards.

And presently George wandered off also, hat cocked over sombre eyes, and careless of direction until he found himself, somehow, in that shady lane where honeysuckle bloomed and birds sang so gloriously. Therefore he paused here and sat down, somewhat heavily, on the grassy bank, and, bowing his head, listened to the whistling, chirping, piping chorus. But now, perhaps because evening was at hand, or perhaps because he only imagined it, blackbird and thrush piped a new song, very wistful and sad. George sighed, and then—the birds' singing was whelmed and lost in another sound which, though sound of no great volume, held George spell-bound, for this was the rustle and rampageous flutter of flying petticoats, and bounding graceful as a deer, Rosamond took the stile, and kilting up her skirts began to run again. George rose, and she, espying him thus suddenly, checked in full career and stood there a lovely, flushed, panting creature.

"Oh!" she gasped, and, letting fall her dainty petticoats, became on the instant exceedingly demure, and, finding George so mute, beholding the tremor of his sinewy hands and himself so altogether at a loss, she was at once her most assured and dignified self.

(*Continued on page* 72)

OUR ENVO

BLAZING THE TRAIL OF

FOLLOWING the above map, which shows my tortuous route in and out of the darkest corners of old Asia, is a living, pulsating picture of the East to-day. Beginning at Constantinople as the rays of the morning sun one by one, as it were, penetrate a thin pale haze focussing an enchanting panorama of a low hillside packed by tall buildings dotted here and there by minarets and domes, there is a joy inconceivable. And beyond it the Golden Horn with its waters shimmering like liquid silver, and the busy tiny steamers—oh, how busy—racing to and fro.

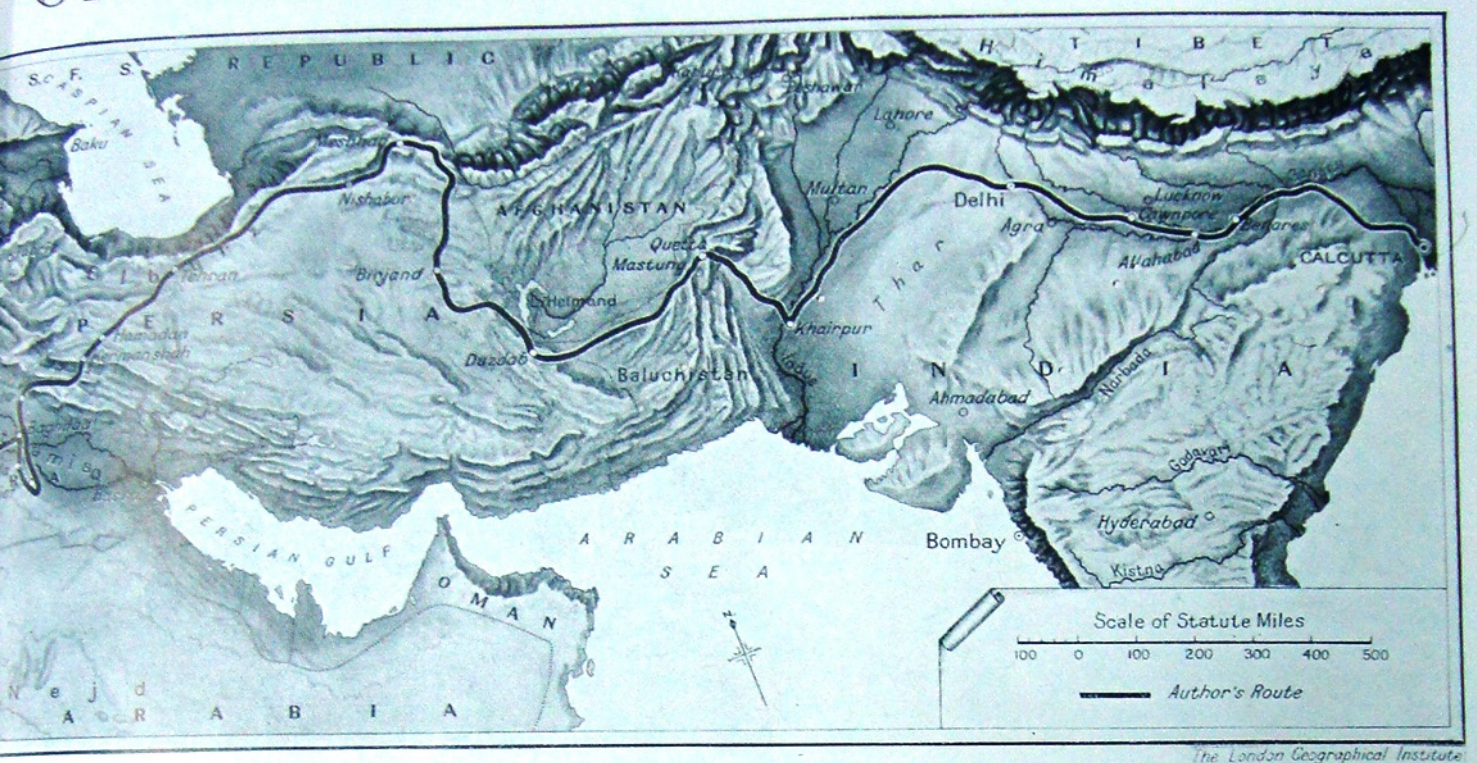
Then what of Angora itself, where the Ghazi makes history, and the young and old appear long to have ceased being the White Man's burden, till in the interior of Anatolia still will you find the old Turk fascinatingly conscious of his race and traditions; down to the Cilician gates of those wondrous mountains of Taurus that recall the magic words of Ali Baba, and of the Greek legions under Alexander that hewed that opening? Southwards lies the famous forts of Aleppo, once the seat of Seifed Dowlah in A.D. 1000, where iron cannon-balls scattered about yet tell the gruesome tale. And then to Aleppo the Whitish, which, despite the inroads of Western influence, remains unchanged as the last stronghold of real Asia since the victorious entry of Kalifa Omar's warriors.

Reaching Damascus, that repository of both the Moslem and the Christian

SIRDAR IQB

Sirdar Iqbal Ali Shah, is *and traveller, was* *MAGAZINE to undertake* *experiences*

ON TREK



The London Geographical Institute

TEN THOUSAND MILES

LI SHAH

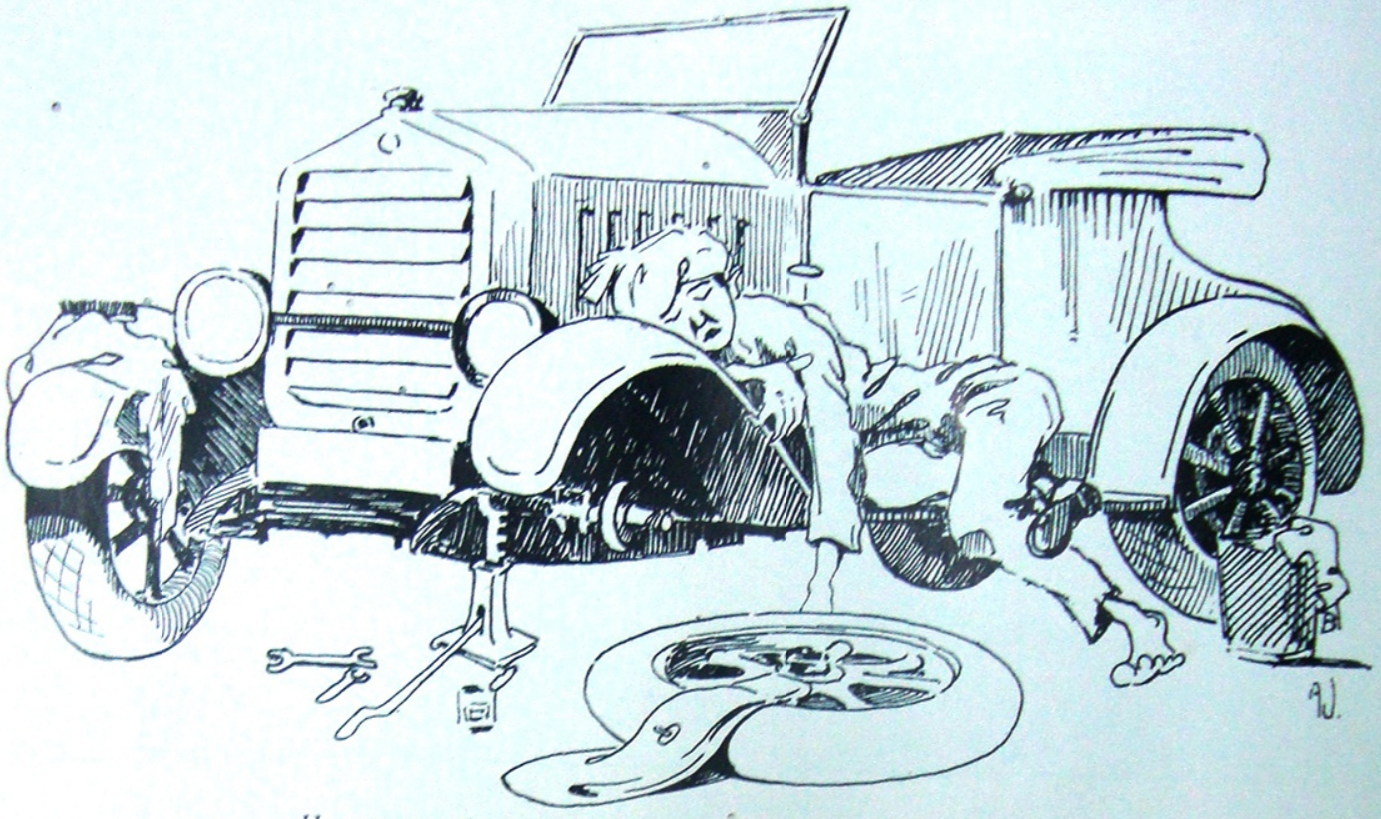
d-famous Eastern writer
d by INDIA MONTHLY
urney and to write his
for us.—ED.

relics, you will see its rich verdant area like a rose in a desert. The house of Ananias lies in the heart of the Christian quarter, while the mosque of Omayyads is the delight of a Moslem's quest. Trekking then to Jerusalem, that gave the world a great religion, approach its sacred precincts with reverence, for it stands drenched with the holiness of centuries. Then the Red Rose City of Arabia that lies further south at Petra, associated with Hadrian, with the first cliff-temple dating 2,000 years ago, where up in its huge columns the giant urn is reputed to hold the treasury of the Pharaohs.

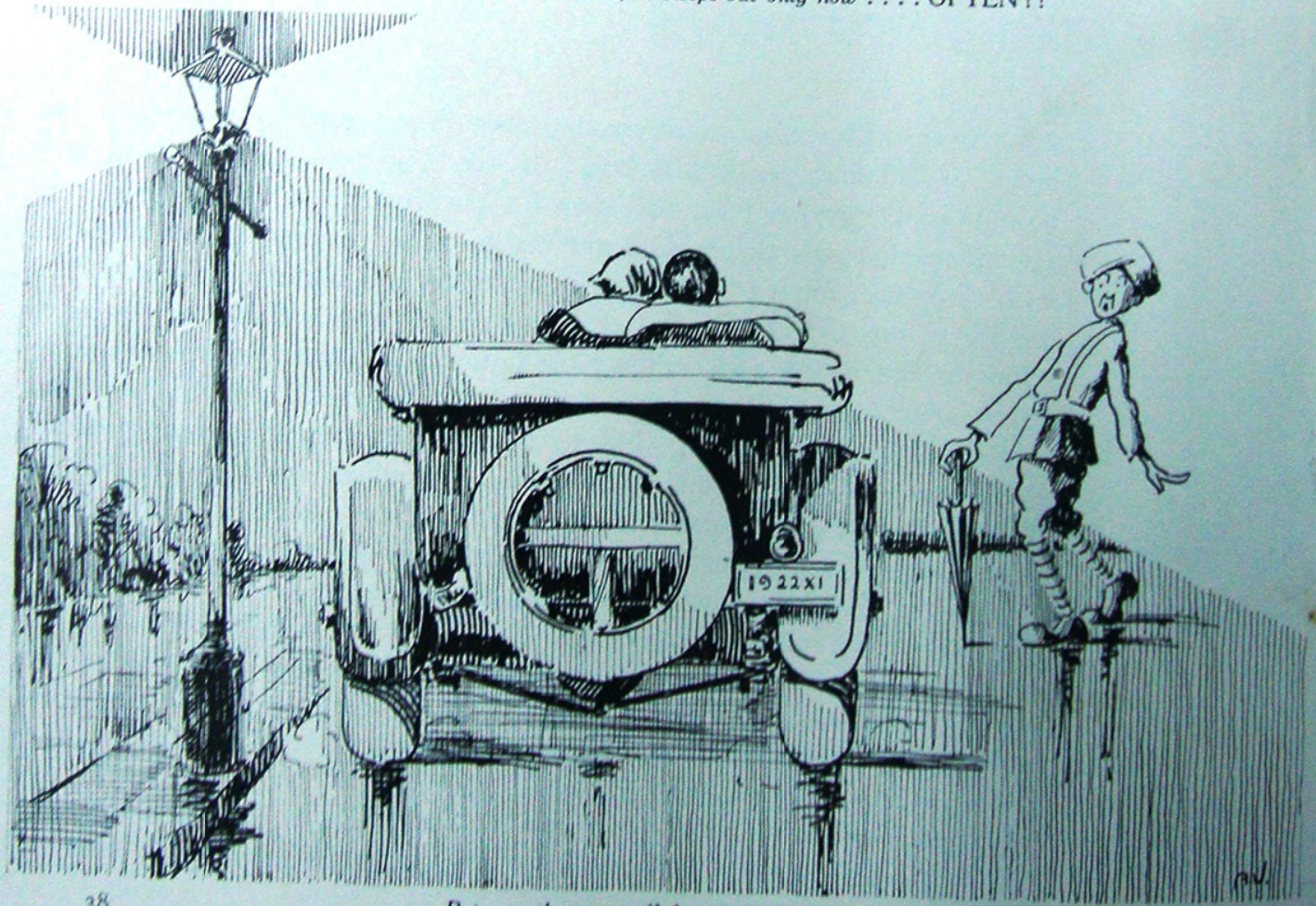
Think also of the sniper's bullets, and the wild grin of a desert brigand-chief in the darkness and the heat. Travelling north-eastwards, the *Arabian Nights* dream comes true in Baghdad, till camels and pack-ponies wind their way into the land of the Shahs, where the old and the new do not jostle unpleasantly, and Persia still retains the power of conquering hearts with her prattling brooks and the Khayyám couplets played on the lute. From Tehran up to the Rizvi shrines of Meshad, down to the sun-baked Bluch rocks to the River Attok, and then, and then . . . emerging from this pageantry of life—the life of life, as Shelley puts it—to Calcutta, to be swallowed up by a different world. If you can picture all this, then you have been with me on a trail of 10,000 miles and have truly lived.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

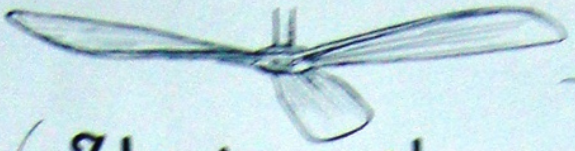
A Motoring Brace



He cares not where, or when, he sleeps but only how . . . . OFTEN!!



Between the parawallah and the lamp-post



Under the Punkah

A Soufflé of the Secretive and the Scandalous

The weekly Peg and Pyjamas parties at the chummery are much resented by the occupants of the other flats in the same building.

In days gone by it was considered a test of good breeding to be able to "take one's liquor like a gentleman," and, though our standards have changed for the better, it is still a test of good breeding to be able to "play the fool" without annoying other people.

* * *

Assuming present intention materialises, the social world of Bombay will be provided with a real shock by a reputed most devoted husband being called upon to answer for his matrimonial irregularities.

It is known that after he had dictated a long dutiful weekly letter to his absent wife, and signed it "Daddy," he acted as though absolved from all further "devotion" until next mail-day.

Practice may not make lawyers perfect, but enough of it will make them rich.

* * *

The financial embarrassment of one of our leading clubs is engaging the anxious attention of the Committee, and it is probable they will come to the conclusion that the solution lies in substituting election by the Committee, for the present system of members' ballot.

The membership is now less than at any other time in the history of the club, and apparently this is due to action of a clique who resolutely blackball almost every candidate presented.

It doesn't follow that, because a woman is a blonde, she is fair; which explains a certain lady's hurried departure to the Hills when the Plains became too *hot* for her.

* * *

May: "*Her trouble was the kind one cannot talk about.*"

June: "*What a pity!*"

* * *

If the Managing Director of that none too successful Company would devote the same amount of time and interested attention to the welfare of the shareholders as he does to public "duties" and philanthropic causes, he might be relieved of much anxiety and often-voiced concern for "my poor shareholders."

From Simla we learn that it is most difficult to get the baby to sleep when she is eighteen.

* * *

Arrivals by a certain P. & O. mail during June will learn with interest that the "friendship" which must have ended in disaster for at least one of the concerned, has been terminated.

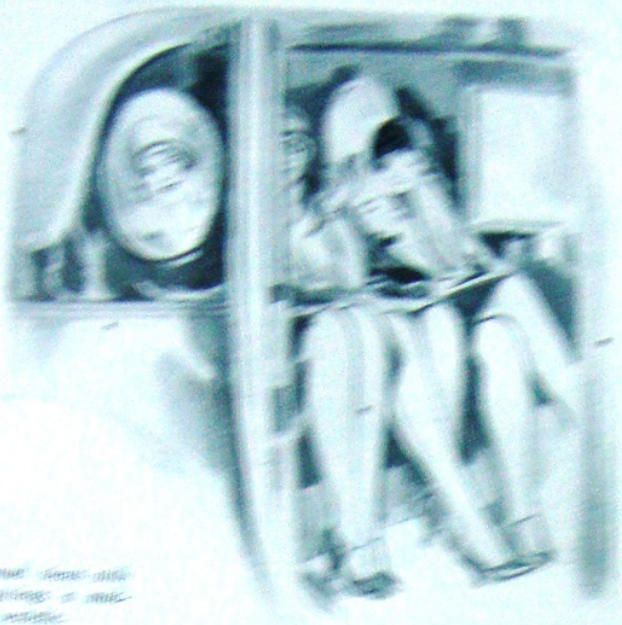
An extremely silly wife decided that she had a soul-complex and that her soul-mate was a fellow-passenger.

Fortunately, the idol showed his feet of clay too soon, and rather than throw away a husband whose shortcomings she knew, she has decided to abandon the idol, who, incidentally, is already matrimonially committed.

* * *

A Wife's Secret

You know what I look like,
You know what I say,
You know where I go to during the day,
You know what I spend,
You know what I keep,
You know when I wake,
You know when I sleep,
You know what I eat,
You know what I drink,
But there's one thing you don't know,
And that's what I think.



SAMUEL BROWN GOES HOME

HE ENCOUNTERS

"Legs!... Legs!... Legs!"

By ROYAL MEADE

Illustrations Sketched from Life by Alice T. Farrell

MARRIED at twenty-two, a widower when twenty-seven, and an invalid seven years, is little consoled by circumstance into a period of thirty-three years—such was the lot of Samuel Brown, indigo planter of Belize.

"Old Sam," as he was affectionately known, had just reached a crowd of sluggers clamb to the tops of buses at Piccadilly Circus.

"London appears to be in pretty good shape," was his comment. "Is there a delegation from Scotland in town this week? I always thought kilts were an economic idea."

"Dear," remarked his companion, "are skirts, our subject."

"Beg pardon, my mistake," apologized Samuel. "I suppose it requires time to get accustomed to this sort of thing. The London of my day was just a trifle more decorous. Any woman who showed her feet was looked upon as immodest. In fact any woman who showed more than her bones evidently hadn't any. I never was a prude, but there have been times during my return when I actually doubted. What is London coming to?"

"Sam," his friend responded casually, "London isn't coming; it has arrived and is away to the east. Don't you believe in women's rights?"

"Most assuredly," said the smiling Samuel, "and their rights are just as pretty. Now that I think of it, women have been slowly arriving at this stage for generations. It has required generations, but the ladies have learnt at last to keep their skirts at the desired altitude. Counting gentlefolk, they have frightfully overdressed if they wear much beyond a skirt and hose. Modesty is a word that belongs to one of the dead languages."

"Sh, sh!" reprimanded his companion. "Why be an anachronism, Sam? Do you want to see women with pavement disasters again?"

"No," admitted Samuel thoughtfully; "but they should have enough on to keep their necks warm. No wonder the ladies shown had to go out of business. A stranger, like myself, must grow accustomed to the vogue, I presume. In my youth the only dimpled part of us men were in cheeks and chins. Now it's the knees. By the way, a question arises. Until

SAMUEL MEETS THE MODERN VOGUE

Mrs. Samuel Brown could never have "got away" with this.

There is no labour shortage in shoe shops. In fact, a man is willing to work for nothing.

From a standpoint of modesty Samuel favours the masculine trend.

Below — What with silk mills spinning night and day, we may expect the silk worm to turn, if the pace keeps up.

In the land of the modern Eve, the lip-stick is mightier than the sword.

admit that not all legs are . . . well . . . er . . . exactly symmetrical. Will you agree with me that not one pair in one hundred would pass a Venus test?"

His friend laughed sardonically. "There might be different grades of whisky, but none of it is bad whisky. Legs, my dear Sam, are a matter of personal preference."

"You mean," remarked Samuel, "that some people like snails, tripe, and buttered parsnips? No, I can't agree with you: when they are warped, or turn in, or have other defects, I claim the public should be spared the sight. On the other hand, love is blind, and pride needs no oculist—no woman would admit she had a slight touch of spavin. She believes they'll seem attractive to some man, and it's just a case of being patient. Without exaggeration, however, during my brief stay in London I have been strangely conscious of legs, legs, legs—nothing else seems to matter."

"You old codgers can be quite a bore," was his companion's observation. "This is natural, human progress. Why can't you pass right by and mind your own business?"

Samuel's face grew strangely grave.

"Dear friend," said he, "I have tried. I have said to myself as I sat in a bus or the underground, 'No, I will not look below the waist-line,' but the women always seemed so disappointed. It was as if they had gone to all this trouble for nothing. But if you do look, they scowl haughtily. What is a mere man to do? I ask you in all frankness."

"Let Nature take its course," was the suave and diplomatic rejoinder.

"But I'm afraid they'll catch cold," sighed Samuel. "It is a man's duty to care for the weaker sex. Imagine how we would feel if we went around with nothing on but socks, our shirts, and a vanity-case! Seriously, London has much to answer for. Women from all parts of the Empire come here on a visit, see these ridiculous short skirts, and think it's perfectly all right. They return and shock their communities."

"Oh, behave!" sputtered Samuel's friend. "Most enlightened people look with favour upon woman's latest moods and modes."

"I've seen some of them looking with utmost favour," admitted Samuel. "Just between ourselves, real society women, the pedigreed stock, do not go in for such short skirts, do they?"

"You'll find your answer in the corridor of any swagger hotel just before tea-time. Why should such a fuss be made over legs, mere legs? I can't understand it, Sam! After all, what are they?—just things to walk on."

"That," was the reply, "is the least of their worries. I predict that in another generation women will be walking on their hands and holding their feet up in the air, especially if the hosiery manufacturers continue to improve their models. Someone was telling me not long since that the poor silkworms are overworked; they threaten a general strike. Doesn't it seem significant to you, by the by, that flesh-coloured stockings are in greatest demand? Barbaric woman, reverting to the primitive, wishes to look as naked as possible, and still within the law."

"Sam, Sam," said his friend reproachfully, "I never dreamed you were such a gross materialist, such a stupid irreconcilable. At the slightest spark of progress such old-timers as you shout, 'Flaming Youth!'"

"It's pretty hot stuff, at that," grinned Samuel. "Far from being narrow and bigoted, I am a believer in youth and all it stands for or even sits for. It's only that I'm afraid to look, indiscriminately. A man of my advanced years must be careful. Any sudden shock is apt to be fatal. I was attracted by a great crowd on Oxford Street yesterday afternoon, and it proved to be caused by a woman. A policeman had placed her under arrest for obstructing traffic. Her skirts reached to her shoe-tops, and it had attracted such a gang of curious onlookers that business was practically suspended. What struck me as funny was that it did not work the other way around."

"My dear Sam, your views and estimates are shoddy and shopworn. No London man stops and gazes at a woman's legs."

"He doesn't have to," declared Samuel. "He could run, and wear smoked glasses, and get an eyeful. I just can't get used to it. First skirts were a little below the knees. Then they came even with the knees; and one afternoon a young society matron drew the dead line an inch above the knee, whereupon there was unanimous agreement that manufacturers must make stockings longer, in order to uphold the traditions of feminine discretion and modesty. The real trouble rests just there, my friend. In order to economise, the hosiery manufacturers are making stockings too short."

Samuel rubbed his wrinkled brow.

"Yes, yes," he sighed, "go on; I'm doing my best to understand the logic of what you say. The length of skirts is not the real issue. Women are the victims of shrewd and calculating manufacturers who make hose too short."

"Frankly now," observed his friend, "you know you like the idea of short skirts, Sam. Women can walk with greater ease."

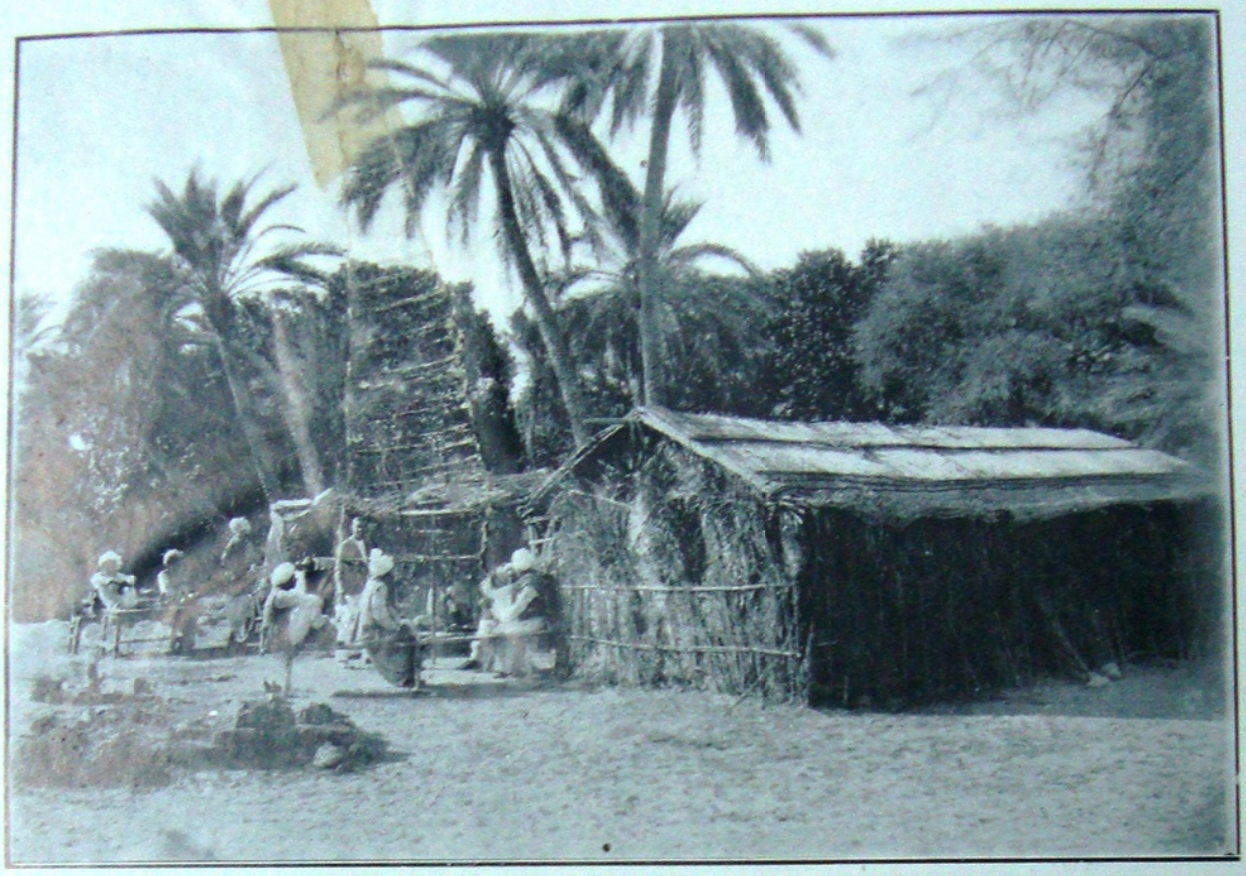
"Yes, and it seems to help their sitting, too," said Samuel. "The Tabloid editor simply says to his staff camera expert: 'Jimmy, run out and get me a pageful of Grade A legs, and make 'em snappy'; and the photographer comes back at twilight, blushing but triumphant. He has enough material to keep art busy for a generation."

"Despite which," said the other, "you would not want us to return to the pancake hat and the dust-disturbing skirts of the Victorian era, now would you?"

Samuel rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Young man," he replied, "put me down as a progressive. I never saw the scenery prettier than it is in London at the present time."

Along the By-Paths



A Jungle Hotel in Sind

A Village in Bengal

She: "I've given you the best years of my life."
He: "Ah! But who made them the best years of your life?"

Confessions of an old Coupé

Oh, I am in love with a Limousine,
And the Lady-Lim loves me;
But I'm a battle-scarred Doctor's Ford,
Who has seen the world—while she

Is a cloistered car of a rich young dame
(The kind most men prefer),
And the shining, dutiful Lady-Lim
Has a chaperon-chauffeur.

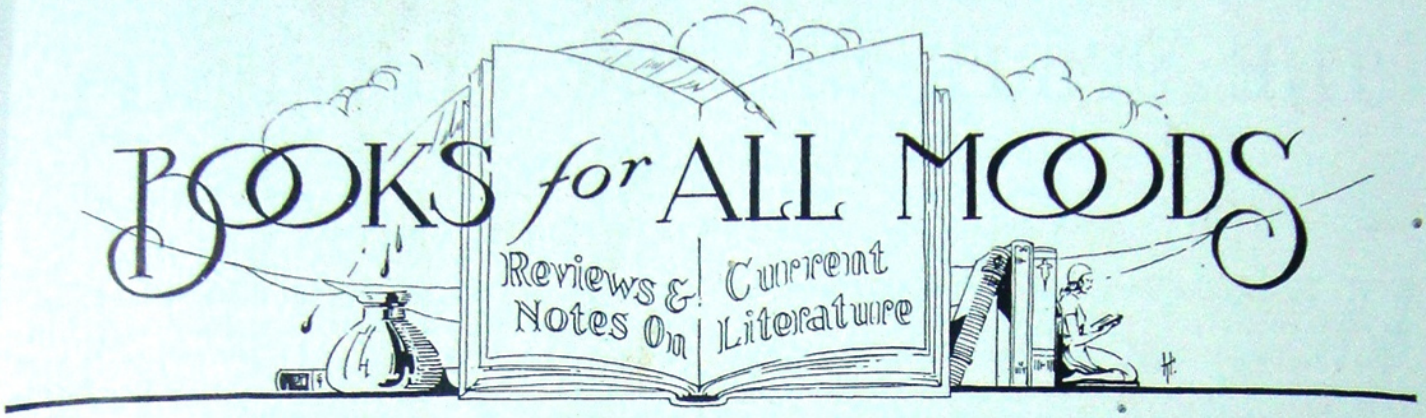
We sometimes stand on the self-same street;
Though I do not know her speed,
I'd skid myself into kindling-wood
To give her a row in need.

I've carefully planned an accident,
For the day when next we meet,
That will throw the doctor into his luck
Straight at the rich dame's feet.

She'll suffer a pleasant nervous shock,
And be under his high-priced care
For a month at least. . . . And the Lady-Lim?
She also will be there.

And then the Doc will arrange his plans
To marry his wealthy charge;
And as for the Lady-Lim and me—
We'll live in the same garage.

AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT FOR FRIENDS AT HOME
INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE
You may register their names and pay the subscription—we deliver



REVIEWS FROM NEW YORK AND PARIS.

By MARY HUNTINGTON.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY. By Dawn Powell. New York: Brentano's. $2.50. A small city in the Middle West, faithfully drawn, is the background of this novel. "Aunt Jule's place," a cheap railroad boarding-house, is the setting for characters which come out of the printed word to live and breathe. Two sisters, both adolescent, work out their aspirations; one is ambitious objectively and attains her goal, the other dreams beyond the limits of the town to far-away things. "She Walks in Beauty" is a first novel, it appears, but the work is finished and sustained, and Miss Powell, with this book, has taken a permanent place in American letters.

HAPPINESS. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00. William Lyon Phelps, who is Lampson, Professor of English literature at Yale University, and a critic of note, has written a wonderful little book—a work small in bulk but big with ideas. Happiness is its theme; the subject is approached in a modern manner, entertainingly, too, but with a clarity of insight which leaves the reader stimulated and energized. It is destined for all of us, irrespective of race, creed or philosophy.

Dawn Powell, author of "She Walks in Beauty."

THE GREENE MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00. This is the third and best of the Philo Vance mystery stories, the two preceding being "The Benson Murder Case" and "The Canary Murder Case." Philo Vance is not of the police, but each time he solves the mystery of these amazing crimes. The Greenes, a distinguished, somewhat decayed New York family, consisting of a bed-ridden mother and five sons and daughters, are forced, by the will of Tobias Greene, now dead thirteen years, to inhabit the Greene Mansion for twenty-five years or forfeit their share in the family millions. Living amid vindictiveness and hatred, these people are assailed by terrible tragedy. One after the other, they are mysteriously murdered until only two daughters survive.

(Continued on page 75.)

From "Manners," American Etiquette.

From Viola Meynell's novel, "A Girl Adoring."

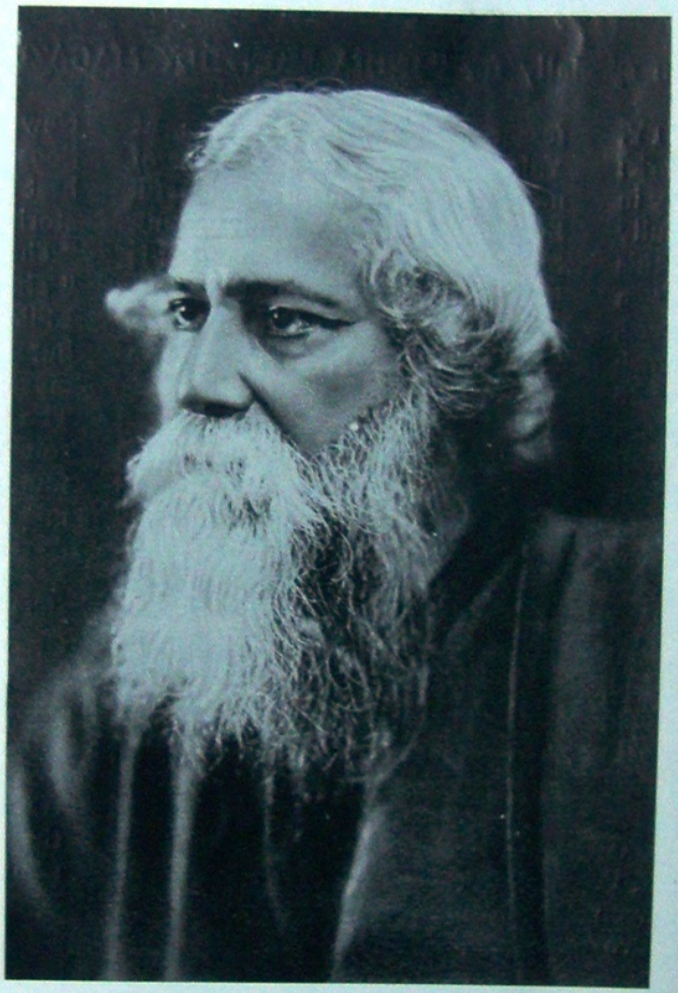
THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMUNITY

By Dr. RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

WHEN the bee first made its hive, the main object was food. Those bees who could band together to gather the honey drops scattered through many a flower, and store them up against inclement seasons, eventually found in the hive their community—a community that has not merely the mathematical feature of numbers assembled in one place, but also the moral aspect of mutual service.

That which thus begins in the enjoyment of the many, ends in the renunciation of the many. Work for *all* takes the place of work for *self*; the individual life finds wider scope in the life of the community. This also makes it possible to transcend the actual, and realise the yet-to-be; and even the effort that may not attain fruition within the worker's lifetime is not stinted. The community thereupon becomes a common shelter wherein relationships are extended, unbroken, from self to others, from present to future. And food, becoming abundant, transcends its materiality and expresses a truth that is spiritually great, revealing the infinitude of *Anna Brahma*.



Rabindranath Tagore

In the primitive age men wandered alone, each in pursuit of his precarious livelihood, and it was not possible for them to form a community. Their temperament was ferocious, their habits predatory, their behaviour unsocial. The supply of food became abundant and permanent on the banks of the big rivers, and there the big civilisations, systematically organised communities, were born.

By tilling the silt-fertilised soil, men were able to grow plentiful crops, year after year, and they came to see that man could better achieve his welfare by mutual aid than by the deprivation of his neighbour. That is to say, with the solution of the food problem, the social instinct, inherent in the nature of man, was stimulated into growth. When, at the invitation of the Earth-mother, men sat down to feast together, their hitherto isolated lives acknowledged in their common food their brotherly relationship.

They finally came to the realisation that their union was not only an opportunity, but a joy—a joy that makes it possible for the individual to accept suffering, even death. The Earth gives us the food, that is for filling our stomach, in suchwise that it gladdens our eye and entrances our mind. The golden sunlight, flung from sky to sky, finds its response in the golden pæan of the ripening fields stretching from horizon to horizon. Their splendour does not make man think only of his meals, but impels him to festive rejoicing.

Because in the storehouse of the Earth there is, over and above the provision for our hunger, also the nectar of joy, we realise that Lakshmi, the Goddess of Plenty, is beautiful as well as benign. The fruit tempts us not merely with a mass of nutriment, but likewise with its charm of form, its sweetness and fragrance—there is no incitement to forceful rapine, but the allurement of cordial invitation. And, as the fruits of the Earth are beautiful, so also is the good-fellowship of man. The food that we eat in solitude may have the quality of nourishment, but the food that we eat in good-fellowship has the spirit of loving-kindness. In such feast of

hearts, the utensils become elegant, the serving decorous, the viands refined.

Dearth cramps the hospitality of man, the hospitality whereon society is founded. That is why the villages have grown on the threshold of the Earth's store of food. That which is immortal in man has found expression through his hospitable re-unions, his morality, his literature, his music, his art, the variety of his ceremonials. It was through these that he began to be conscious of his own depths, and the ideal of his own perfection became manifest to him.

With the growth of the villages evolved the town. There became focussed the forces of government—forts for the soldiers, emporiums for the merchants, colleges for the meeting of teachers and students in their pursuit of knowledge, centres of commerce and communion with the outside world. There the soil is encased in hard stone, living becomes arduous, force contends with force. There the individual man seeks aggrandisement at the expense of the generality of men. So long as it is not carried to an extreme, all this has its value. If individuality be suppressed overmuch, the individual cannot attain fulness of stature. The forest tree is stunted if smothered at the outset under a profusion of undergrowth. On the other hand, the volcanic fire of individual ambition forces up the level of the mass of the people. The standard of achievement is heightened, the push of rivalry and imitation increase the output of energy, "ever-fresh creation" becomes possible in the fields of knowledge and work, and the sphere of wisdom is enlarged by the influx of the culture of diverse peoples and countries. And so in the town, where the pressure of the community is relaxed, the individual mind gets the opportunity of rising superior to the low uniformity of the mass mind. That is why, all over the world, *rustic* has become the synonym for inertness and narrowness of mind.

"The divine warrior, Kartikeya, on his winged steed."

In their natural state—that is to say, when the community, for some reason, does not incline too much to one side—the village and town have harmonious interactions. From the one flow food and health and fellow-feeling, from the other return gifts of wealth, knowledge and energy. The civilisation which comprises only or mainly village life cannot advance very far. There the individual is unimportant, the community predominant. There we have, not the divine warrior, Kartikeya, on his winged steed, but King Demos—pot-bellied, elephant-headed Ganesha. On the other hand, where the town dominates, the individual is all-powerful, the community negligible. There civilisation burns itself up with its own fires; and, the more brilliantly it flashes out for the time, the blacker becomes its fuel, until at last it is reduced to ashes. Many civilisations have in fact thus been destroyed by preying on themselves. It is too early yet to console ourselves by saying that the modern civilisation of Europe is not of this self-exhausting type.

In the town, man concentrates his activities; that process is needful. The vital forces of our body are on the one hand outwardly expansive; on the other, they are condensed in various centres. In the lower types of life these centres are not organised; but, with the evolution of the body, the brain, the lungs, the heart, the stomach have become the organs of distinct functions. These may be compared with towns.

Towns are organised centres for serving special needs of the body politic—different objectives of the people, crystallised in particular localities, have thus taken shape. Of old, machinery played but a minor rôle in the attainment of these objects. The machines of those days were intimately dependent on man's mind. Their output was, therefore, limited, their profits not unconscionable. So that the joy of creation still remained the chief motive for manufacture, not having been

overwhelmed by the greed of results. For that reason, the old towns were able to give form to the joy of man's achievement.

As is the case with the other internal enemies of man, greed is an anti-social instinct. That is why, in India, it has been called an enemy. Like the robber from the outside, greed from the inside makes for the destruction of the community. So long as it is kept in check, it has the merit of rousing the individual energies, but not so far as to smother the social feelings. But if the exciting cause of greed be inordinately strong, the means of its gratification of inordinate power, then it can no longer be kept within the bounds of social welfare.

In the modern age, the machine has not only multiplied working capacity, but likewise the scale of profit, and therewith the greed of gain. That is how disharmony has been brought about between self-interest and community-interest and wars are spreading like wildfire. It is this greed that has cut at the root of inter-relation of town and village, and the town has become a drain on the village because it has ceased to make its return. The artificial lights of the town are ablaze—lights that have no connection with sun, moon, or star—but the light of the village has gone out. The dawn no longer comes with its obeisance, the evening with its adoration. Not only have the waters of the village run dry, but also its heart. The festivals of life, which used to spring up as freely as the meadow flowers, are withered to the dust. So long as life was expansive, it was content to make for itself the simple, beautiful materials of its joy. Now its manufactures have become its burden, for it has to rely on the machine for their production, and more and more, with such reliance, is paralysed the creative faculty.

It was not so very long ago, in the time of the Nawabs of Bengal, that we find the higher court officials, who had waxed opulent in the Capital, looking back with loving gratitude to the village of their birth. They earned in the town and spent in the village. The water rising from the soil formed clouds that sent back their showers to the ground, rescuing it from becoming a barren desert. To-day, the siren of the factory that blows only clouds of smoke, lures away crowds of men from the peaceful refuge of their community. And man is fast reverting to his primeval forest instincts. The individualism of those days is come back to life, but with gigantic stature. The old predatory habit is taking new and fearsome forms.

In the beginning, men had grouped themselves in villages to gather and store for mutual benefit. Now they have crowded together in much larger numbers, but each one is the centre of his own accumulation and enjoyment. And so, in place of social regulation has come a more rigorous police rule, the solidarity of fellow-feeling has been substituted by the more stringent pressure of a complex system of laws. Where self-gratification is thus exclusive, we are either the slaves of ourselves, or of others—in either case slaves. The work that has no room for voluntary renunciation is but a bondage and the number of the people so bound is ever increasing. In the slave-life of these, tied together by necessity, but with no internal bond of relationship, envy and rivalry are rearing their heads higher and higher, and the churn of competition is throwing up untruth and hurtfulness on every side.

"Lakshmi, the Goddess of Plenty, is beautiful as well as benign."

In the past, at least in our country, there was not so wide a gulf between rich and poor. One reason was that riches came last in order of merit, another was that the rich acknowledged their responsibilities. Honour and dishonour did not depend on the command or lack of money; nor was its enjoyment too exclusive, for the riches of one meant the welfare of many. And so wealth did not then create barriers between man and man, but rather gave facilities for varied intercourse. The *Anna*, the Spirit of Nutrition, that was once realised as spiritually great, having now degenerated to the *anna* of material self-aggrandisement, that which had originally been the upholder of the community has become its destroyer; nay, by its enslavement of the mentality of man, it is out to destroy the

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TREAD SOFTLY

By MARGARET PETERSON

Specially Written and Illustrated for "India Monthly Magazine"

"Tread softly, for you tread upon my dreams"

CRYSTAL PENHURST was going out to India to be married. She was quite clear and decided about that. She had tried earning her own living for about two years in what had been, perhaps, rather a stuffy way—taking other people's letters down in shorthand and writing them on to a typewriter—and she had not liked it a bit. Each spring in turn, as it came along, had brought with it a vague ache of self-pity. She had visioned herself growing old and frowsty and plain, and still typing letters with their eternal "Dear Sirs, In answer to yours of the," etc. The prospect had been, she felt, appalling.

Then, on her twenty-third birthday, had come this surprising chance. Uncle Benson and Aunt Kitty had been at home on leave from India, where Mr. Benson was a Judge, and they had said, moved to a sudden generosity by Crystal's prettiness, by the youth of her twenty-three years: "Come and spend twelve months with us in India. We'll pay the passage and find a husband for you, Crystal."

The future had flushed with sudden, radiant hope. Crystal had gone about getting ready for her visit in a flutter of self-examination. Could she do it? Was she still amusing enough, still pretty enough, to catch a husband? Of course, when she put it like that it sounded a little unromantic, but Crystal had a brain like her name. It was clear and cool and detached from any silliness of pretence. She was going to India to get married, and she marshalled her forces with the precision of a general about to undertake a campaign.

Well, then, to begin with, she was tall, yet not too tall, rather, in truth, delightfully made, carrying her small shingled head of dark hair very gracefully. Then her eyes were grey and still and quiet, except when they lit up with laughter to a haunting shade of green. Crystal did not often smile at herself in the glass, so she never caught sight of that disturbing green which other people were inclined to find attractive. But she spent quite a lot of time studying her face apart from her eyes, and came finally to the conclusion that it would do. It was, in its own way, pretty, and it was delightfully eager. She looked like a girl ready for life and laughter, if laughter would only come her way, and in this glorious twelve months it was going to come and bring with it a husband. A husband with quite a lot of money: Crystal had made up her mind about that.

Mrs. Benson was not a good sailor. She was one of those people who decide to be seasick as the first distinctive whiff of the sea comes to them at Tilbury. She stayed in her cabin till the boat rounded Gibraltar. Uncle Harry sat next Crystal at meals and smiled at her whenever he saw her, but he did not see her very often. He was a strong supporter of the bar and men's fours at bridge. So Crystal sat out on the deck by herself and studied her fellow-passengers with her grey cool eyes under their long lashes.

It was on the second day out that James Rankin first spoke to her, but they had surreptitiously watched each other from the very first. Sometimes it seems as though youth had some method all its own of wireless communication. Eyes signal to eyes, "I like you. Do you like me? Shall we go further with the game?" Anyway, it was something like that that James had signalled to Crystal, and, lowering her eyes discreetly, Crystal had been aware of a flutter of excitement at her heart.

He had, for one thing, odd eyes. Yellow, tawny-coloured, like a lion's, that had been her first impression. He was not so very tall—when they passed each other on the deck their eyes met almost on a level; but though he was not tall, he gave the impression of great strength and recklessness and a certain rather hard ruthlessness. He was not by any means immaculately turned out, she noticed that from the first. Indeed, he was so essentially different from the men she was accustomed to meet in the City that Crystal had a little difficulty in placing him. He made her think of open spaces, or the sea, of fierce anger and fiercer mirth. So it can be seen that from the first her heart found him attractive, though her mind hedged away from the idea. It was not so much that he was good-looking, in fact men described James Rankin as an ugly devil, but there was some quality about him that all women found attractive.

Crystal, in due course, found out all about him. There was one lady on board who knew him very well. Perhaps Mrs. Plasquett was a little indiscreet in her revelations, but on the other hand she may have had her reasons for warning Crystal off the field. Women are queer creatures. Once, in the not so very far-away past, there had been an affair between James and Mrs. Plasquett, perhaps she had not forgotten. He was a man, anyway, according to Mrs. Plasquett, of many affairs.

"The truth of the matter is," she confided to Crystal, her indolent eyes studying the girl carefully, "that the poor dear cannot afford to marry. He has no prospects, and he goes about more or less carrying his life in his hand."

"I see," said Crystal. She had herself, more than once, sat enthralled while James told her of his adventures in the hunting world. "What is Mr. Rankin really?"

Again the languid brown eyes flashed their scrutiny over her face. "A little bit of everything," admitted Mrs. Plasquett. "There is just one thing he does not seem able to do, and that is to find a job that will bring him in money. He has a tea plantation out our way, and he makes quite a bit out of personally conducting hunting parties. I hear also that the Rajah of Burdan has offered him an appointment of some sort, but I don't suppose it brings in much salary. Poor Jimmie!"

It was on the second day out that James Rankin first spoke to her

"I see," said Crystal again. Perhaps she did see as much as Mrs. Plasquett intended her to. Her clear mind weighed things up anyway, and she came to the conclusion that she must see less of James Rankin. He was dangerously attractive and of no earthly use to her. For the husband of Crystal's dreams had to be dowered with wealth. That was to be the first and foremost of his attractions.

And yet the sea played treacherously against her wisdom. The beauty of soft warm nights enveloped them, when always, somehow or other, James and Crystal leant together over the ship's rails and stared down and along that magic path of silver that the moon seemed to spread out for their own especial benefit. His voice had queer power to thrill her; his arm, touching against hers as they stood side by side, left her silent, listening, it seemed, to some disturbing whisper at her heart. They danced together; she could not be rude to him, so she quite truthfully argued to herself; and so, dancing, the world of reality fell away from them and they moved as though in some radiant dream. Love, after all, is not concerned with money, or prospects, or suitability; sometimes, as far as we mortals are able to judge, it does not even concern itself with morality; it is a triumphant, all-conquering delusion which defeats the world.

For his own part James Rankin had no doubts as to how it must end. He had so often played at love, that the reality of this left him at first a little silent and amazed. And then, bit by bit, shining and clear, as was that pathway of the moon they had so often watched together, the thing that had to be shaped itself in his mind. Here was the girl - woman for whom he had waited all his life. Fine like true steel, frank as a child, truthful. He was prepared to stake his life on the truth of those grey eyes of hers that answered "I love you," to the question that his eyes had asked.

God! how he would work to make a home for her now that she had come into his life. His dreams reached high. He could do it, if only he chose. The wildness, the recklessness laid aside, everything in him set to serve her. But even while he so dreamed, he was reckless in his love, laying everything he possessed at her feet.

Yet he did not speak to her of love or marriage till very nearly the end of the voyage. It was so wholly delightful, this silent game they played, loving each other with shy hands, with furtive glances, with quick thoughts and silences that seemed to draw them closer and closer in a golden net. He never for one moment doubted what her answer would be. Mrs. Benson, fat and motherly once the strain of the Bay of Biscay was over, tried very tactfully to warn him off the course. Personally, she liked him, and she herself had married Benson when they were both very young and he very improvident.

"Still, he did have prospects," said Mrs. Benson.

having commandeered James Rankin to escort her round the deck. "And you, young man, I don't believe you have any."

"A detrimental," said Rankin, and laughed. "Don't be too harsh on me, Mrs. Benson, I can work like the devil when I like, and I could keep a wife now, if not in superb comfort."

"Oh, I don't want to be harsh," she assured him, her placid face flushed in her effort to find the right words and yet not hurt. "But Crystal is very modern—you might call it being hard, Mr. Rankin—and she knows what she wants more than most girls."

"So do I," he answered quickly. "I have never had incentive to work before, Mrs. Benson." They paused for a minute or two to watch the dancers. Crystal was dancing, of course; his eyes followed her. "I've knocked about the world a lot and done little that is any good, but now . . ."

She heard him catch his breath and looked up at him quickly. She and Harry had never had any children, but if they had had a son she would have liked him to be like this man. But not with all those wasted years behind him and nothing very definite in front of him. Her heart ached with sudden pity. How his own mother must have loved him and hated to let him go knocking about the world, as he phrased it himself, doing little good.

"Don't set your heart on Crystal," she whispered. She could not stop the whisper. "Crystal is hard and cool; she won't upset her life for anyone."

"Her eyes don't lie to me," he answered. "And I can see her soul in her eyes."

When a man starts talking about a woman's soul, all hope of making him see sense is finished. Mrs. Benson sighed, and they continued their walk in silence.

That night she spoke to Crystal, lingering in the girl's cabin for a few minutes on her way to bed.

"Are you going to say 'yes' to Mr. Rankin when he asks you to marry him?" she blundered out the trouble in her mind.

A very faint flush crept into Crystal's cheeks; she lowered her eyes.

"I don't see how he can do that," she answered. "He knows quite well he has nothing to get married on."

"But, my dear——" Mrs. Benson began; then she broke off, rubbing one moist hand within the other. It was no use arguing with Crystal. "He loves you. Don't hurt him, Crystal. Men are so easy to hurt when they are really in love. I think he thinks that you love him."

"He surely can't," said Crystal. "We are just good friends, that's all."

Ah, cool grey eyes, that cannot tell a lie! At least they had the decency to weep that night. All the same, if that was what he really thought she must do her best to disillusion him. She couldn't marry someone as poor as he was after all her dreams.

They sat out the next evening. Crystal had said it was too hot and she was too tired to dance. She had made an attempt to avoid sitting out with him, but in the end it had come to this, two chairs close to the rails, her gold shoes very nearly touching against his black. To-night there was no moon, no path of silver; all the sea was purple and mysterious, soft lazy wave whispering to lazy wave, and the sky was a great canopy of dark, spangled with a thousand stars.

The magic of it crept about Crystal's heart; she had to sit erect and stiffen herself and clench her small hands before she spoke.

"Aunt Kitty has been giving me a lecture," she said, making her voice as light as she could, "about flirting with you."

The man beside her stirred; she was terribly conscious of his nearness.

"Have we been flirting?" he asked.

"Well, that is just what I argued," said Crystal, and now there was a note of hardness in her cool voice. "We are friends. I mean—well, you know what I mean."

"No," said James, he turned a little so that he could stare at her; there had been something in her voice that he had never heard before: "not exactly; but I am waiting to hear."

"Let us be frank," said Crystal. She rushed her fences, as James himself would have said had he been in any mood to describe her actions. "You are awfully interesting. I . . . I have liked you a lot. Our talks together, dancing, all the wonderful things you have told me about life and adventure. But, well, I am going to be horribly truthful—perhaps you will be shocked—but I have got this one chance. Aunt Kitty taking me out to India, I mean. I have got to marry, oh, someone sensible, with lots of money. I have got to. You don't know how I hate being poor. I . . ."

Her voice trailed away into silence; he sat so still watching her. She could fancy his eyes, for in this light she could not see his face very clearly. The thought of his eyes rather frightened her.

"Oh, do try and understand," she said, half-timidly, and put out her hand and laid it on his sleeve.

"I love you," he said softly. "Do you know that?"

"Oh, no, you don't, you can't," pleaded Crystal. But now she took her hand away and tried to withdraw herself a little from his nearness. "We have liked each other, that is all."

"It is not all." He spoke with sudden roughness. "I love you. I believed you loved me. Does love count for nothing in your scheme of existence?"

"You haven't really got anything to give the girl that you love." Crystal's voice was a little shaky; the knowledge hurt her far more than she cared to face. "What would be the use, supposing I did love you?"

"The use," he repeated. His dreams had reared themselves so high, it was as though they shattered themselves against the indifferent hardness of those words. He leant a little forward and put his head down for a second between his strong hands. Then with a sudden brusque movement he stood up.

"You are perfectly right," he said. "I have been a

damned fool. The sea gets into one's blood, doesn't it? Can I order a drink for you, Miss Penhurst?"

At that moment she was most desperately afraid of the thing that she had done. It was as though a premonition came to her of all she would lose in losing him. She stood up quickly beside him.

"You are angry with me," she whispered. "Oh, please don't be. It hasn't been easy."

"'A trifle makes a dream,'" he quoted; it was some tag of poetry that he remembered learning as a boy; "'a trifle breaks it.' What is it to be, Miss Penhurst—a squash or a liqueur?"

Crystal said a lemon squash. She said it dully. His attitude bewildered her; she did not know what to do. Everything in her cried out to tell him that she had lied, that love did count; more than anything else in the world love counted. But she said nothing.

He did not come back to her that evening. A steward brought her out the lemon squash; one or two partners claimed her, seeing that she was alone. Crystal danced. Tears ached in her heart; she had never been so miserable in all her life. She wanted to get away from everyone, to be by herself; then, perhaps, seeing her alone, he would come back and she would explain. She had so much to explain. She found their two chairs again and dismissed her partner. She had a headache, she said; she wanted to be alone. She sat there, waiting, watching the soft murmuring sea. He never came. She could hear him talking and laughing in the smoking-room; he had joined in with a crowd of men who were playing poker. Aunt Kitty came along presently and said what about bed? It was tragic that she should have to go without seeing him. But Aunt Kitty was adamant: they were putting out the deck lights; she did not like Crystal staying up after that.

To-morrow would have to do. She would explain in the morning. Late into the night she stayed awake, planning what she would say, thinking what his eyes would be like when he understood. The glow was warm about her heart, thinking of that.

She had reckoned, however, without taking into account the stubbornness of the man's pride. There is a verse of poetry that reads something like this:

And to be wrath with those we love,
Doeth work like madness on the brain.

Perhaps that was how it was with James Rankin. He was, anyway, impatient of the hurt that was in his heart; he did his utmost to fan the anger. He grew bitter in his thoughts. He had expected to find truth in those grey eyes of hers, and they had laughed a lie at him. For what girl in this world, loving him, could have spoken to him as Crystal had spoken? "What would be the use?" the words stung like a whip. If his anger weakened, he lashed it to life again, remembering what he had taken to be the scorn in her voice.

There were only two more days between them and the end of the voyage. It was easy enough for him to avoid Crystal. He was noisy and indifferent and rude. He started a deliberate flirtation with Mrs. Plasquett, who, despite the fact of his previous neglect, was quite willing to play her part.

"Has she turned you down, Jimmie?" she chaffed in her soft lazy voice. "Never mind; come and sit by me and I'll soothe you."

Bewilderment grew in Crystal's mind. His avoidance was so deliberate that she would have had to be bold indeed to win past it. His flirtation with Mrs. Plasquett so open that it would have been strange if Crystal's pride had not been roused. Yet, even so, she did bring

herself at the end of the second day to write him a note. It is doubtful whether any other letter ever caused her such heart-burnings to write.

He never even read it. It was brought to him while he was sitting on the deck at Mrs. Plasquett's feet.

"Miss Penhurst asked me to give it you, sir." The steward blurted out the truth, not a little amused at the turn of events.

"Don't mind me, Jimmie," said Mrs. Plasquett. "I won't read it over your shoulder."

"It is nothing," he answered carelessly; "just something I had asked her to return to me."

His fingers tore the letter into tiny strips as he spoke; he leant forward to flick them overboard. Mrs. Plasquett watched, smiling her lazy smile.

"Was it your heart, Jimmie?" she asked.

He was still leaning forward staring after the fluttering bits of paper. Her words were so apt that they brought to him the first definite stab of self-pity that he had as yet felt over this wretched business. Something stung in his throat. His heart! God, how true that was! Only it was Crystal's hands that had torn it to bits and thrown it away with that damnable, careless flick of contempt.

"Yes, something like that," he admitted, and leant back so that his shoulders brushed against her. "What was left of my heart when you had finished with it, that is to say," he added.

They arrived at Bombay the next day. The Benson's were stationed there. They had a pleasant wide-windowed house on Malabar Hill. Mrs. Plasquett stayed for a few days at the Taj Hotel, and they had a ship's tea-party at the Yacht Club; but James Rankin, it seemed, had hurried up country straight from the boat.

"We don't see very much of him," Mrs. Plasquett confided to Crystal, "though we have been friends for years. But his place is only about fourteen miles outside Darjeeling, where we go for the hot weather. You must come and pay us a visit up there," her eyes teased Crystal, "and meet him again. You liked him, didn't you?"

When something has shattered your emotional life, you build it up again from what material you can. That all depends on your nature. James Rankin built up for himself a fierce, stupid life in which to hide the soreness of his heart. He stayed at Lahore on his way up-country. In Lahore the bazaar is famous for its dancing girls. They are more beautiful there than anywhere else in India. They sit cross-legged, faintly smiling, ringed and bedecked, behind the low carved balconies of the bazaar. Rankin had seen them often enough before and paid but scant attention to them. Now he went down there with some hot purpose in his mind. He would buy forgetfulness at whatever price it was for sale. He would raise grim barriers between himself and his dreams. Love, of sorts, is

Crystal was glad of the ayee's presence . . . . they trotted along

for sale in the bazaar streets of Lahore. He bought the girl there. She was a small, slight slip of amber-coloured flesh, with eyes like great deep pools. The lashes round them were so heavily plastered with some kind of paint that it seemed as though the lids could not open. They stayed half shut, veiling the child's thoughts from this world in which she was for sale. She had very small, henna-tipped hands, and little dancing feet. The vendor assured Rankin that she was really worth twice the money he had deigned to put down.

Bought love! He hated himself. There was nothing about Jessamine Flower that he could hate. She was soft and very young and timid. He was her lord, her master, who must do with her as he would. When he was tired of her, she would come back again to this world of painted silence, biting so much rice, and take her place again behind some carved balcony.

He took her back with him to his plantation. It lay, as Mrs. Plasquett had told Crystal, on the slopes

of Darjeeling. It was shut away from the outer world by great banks of blue and pink and mauve hydrangeas. He had planted them himself when he had been young and enthusiastic. He had described them to Crystal, visioning her, perhaps, picking great bunches of the lovely flowers and bringing them in her arms to decorate their house. Now they had grown wild and untamed, like the passion in his mind. They shut out other people. He could live as he liked behind them. He did not exactly take to drink, he had always been a hard drinker; only now he did it alone, not jovially as in the old days. And always in the background of his days moved the pathetic little figure of Jessamine Flower. She loved him, he realised that, as a dog does its master, as women love men all the world over. Giving so much, expecting so little. She had dispensed with her paint, her lashes were free, she was more than ever a child. About fifteen, he surmised her to be, with all the evil knowledge of a bazaar harlot stored away in her mind.

So the months slid by, and down in Bombay Crystal was drawing near to the accomplishment of her desire. A wealthy husband was hers for the acceptance. Mr. Jackson was high up in the Civil Service, he had money of his own, and he was very desperately and earnestly in love. Not a bad-looking man either, tall and a little stern, except when he smiled, with very blue eyes and hair that was just growing grey at the temples. He proposed to Crystal one evening during a dance at the Yacht Club. They were sitting out on the low wall that encircles the small lawn and shuts out the waters of the harbour. One could almost imagine oneself on a ship at sea, sitting there, and, indeed, that was exactly what Crystal had been doing. She had been remembering, as nowadays she hardly ever dared remember, those evenings when she and James Rankin had sat watching the waves. He had gone, it seemed, completely out of her life; no one ever spoke of him, she had never heard from him, and yet she could not forget. One shuts the door on memory, sets pride as a guardian at the gate, and for all one's wisdom love refuses to be shut out. Now, with the thing for which her heart had schemed so nearly within her reach, Crystal was only conscious of a longing for the thing that she had lost.

Presently she felt Mr. Jackson's hand close over hers where it lay limp and open on the wall.

"You know what it is in my heart to say, don't you?" he asked. "I love you. Crystal, will you marry me?"

She stirred a little. It was not so much a withdrawal as a sort of mute protest against the answer her mind had decided to give.

"You don't ask if I love you," she parried. "Doesn't that matter?"

"It goes with your answer," he said softly. He seemed to be looking down at the hand he held in his. "You are too honest to marry me if you do not love me."

Why had he put it just like that? "I like you," Crystal admitted. She gave a little sigh and turned away from the sea. "And I—well, I want to marry you. It is only . . ."

"Is there someone else?" he asked. His hand tightened on hers. "If you tell me that, I'll understand. I . . ."

"No." She spoke sharply and stood up. It was as though in moving she moved a troublesome shadow away. "No; there is no one else."

"Thank God," he said, and stood up beside her. "Then don't turn me down, Crystal. I'll not hurry you; but when you think you can marry me it will make me the happiest man on earth."

"Oh, don't be so sure." Crystal tried to laugh, but it was a shaky sound, nearer by far to tears. "I am hard and I am selfish, and I don't always tell the truth . . ."

"The category of crimes does not appal me," Jackson interrupted. "I know you better than you know yourself."

And then he took her into his arms and kissed her.

The engagement was announced next day. There seemed no reason for secrecy. Jackson was a big enough person for it to be of interest all over India. An announcement appeared in the papers. The marriage, it said, would be in a couple of months' time. Crystal was snowed under congratulations; among them, in due course, was a letter from Mrs. Plasquett.

"We are just off to Darjeeling," she ended, "and you have never paid us your promised visit. How about fitting it in before the wedding. You ought to see Darjeeling, and I can give you many valuable tips about matrimony."

Of course, it was madness to go. Something stronger than wisdom drove her.

"Do you think I might, Aunt Kitty?" asked Crystal. "It will be seeing more of the country, won't it?"

For already Mr. Jackson had announced his intention of retiring at the end of this tour, and he and Crystal had been deciding what sort of a house to have in England.

"I don't see why not," agreed Aunt Kitty. "Being engaged is always rather wearing in these hot climates. A month away won't do you any harm."

So Crystal wrote a letter of acceptance and followed it herself in the course of the next two weeks. Mrs. Plasquett was delighted to have her, eager to hear all her news, frankly curious as well.

"I always thought you were in love with James Rankin," she confessed. "But I suppose that petered out, like all boardship flirtations. It is odd what an effect the sea has on our morals."

Crystal lowered her eyes quickly and hoped she would not blush.

"Do you ever see or hear anything of him these days?" she asked.

Mrs. Plasquett shrugged plump shoulders. The two women were sitting out on the verandah of the Plasquetts' house. It boasted one of the finest views in Darjeeling. Beyond the hedge that guarded the garden

they could see down away over the slope of the hillside for miles. Green, waving trees, spread out before them, little patches of cultivation, here and there a white house, its tin roof catching the sun and shining like a fire.

"That is his place over there," explained Mrs. Plasquett, she waved a ringed hand vaguely in the direction of the valley. "But, my dear, he has gone to pieces horribly. You are well out of it, unless you feel at all responsible about it. He has got a native girl with him and he is drinking. I happen to know that is unpleasantly true, for my butler has a brother who works for him."

The flush deepened on Crystal's face. "I thought . . ." she began.

"We all thought," conceded Mrs. Plasquett. "I have always had a soft spot for Jimmie. Last time we were in this house he used to come in quite often. But now—well, one never sees him. Personally I don't think I care to—I mean a man may go a bit too far in this country, flaunting his immoralities in the face of society."

That, coming from Mrs. Plasquett, was a little amusing, but Crystal was in no mood to see the funny side of it.

"We were friends on board ship," she said slowly. "Then I offended him, or something, and for the last two days on board, as you know, he wouldn't even look at me."

"He was very much in love with you," announced Mrs. Plasquett; "we all knew that. When he started making violent love to me I thought it was because you had turned him down."

"I hadn't, not exactly," said Crystal. "I wrote him a letter which he never even answered."

Mrs. Plasquett took her eyes away from the girl for a moment and stared out over the view.

"There is a strong streak of cruelty in Jimmie where women are concerned." She spoke almost to herself. "He never forgives, and he has a strange capacity for hurting one." She stood up. "Anyway, you have no need to think of him any more," she added. "You've done much better for yourself. Mr. Jackson has been our most hunted bachelor for the last few years."

Fourteen miles away. The tug tightened at Crystal's heart. It seemed as though her whole life was at stake. She must see him again. Truth was suddenly stark and blatant in her mind. She wrote Mr. Jackson her letter of explanation.

"I can't marry you," she wrote. "Oh, please try and forgive me. You told me that you knew I couldn't lie to you, and it has been haunting my mind ever since. For I did lie when I said there was no one else. It was a lie to save my own pride, for though I love him, I don't think he loves me, and yet I cannot marry anyone else because of the truth of my love for him. You have been so good to me. I feel this fearfully,

She caught a vision of Jessamine Flower—her great eyes watching James

but at least it is the truth out between us at last."

"Will you lend me one of your ponies," she said to Mrs. Plasquett the next morning, "and give me a packet of sandwiches and let me go out and lose myself for a whole day? I feel I have got to. I'll tell you about it when I come back."

Mrs. Plasquett's eyes were frankly sceptical. "A last-minute panic?" she asked. "One is apt to get them as the fatal day draws near. Of course I will. Only don't do anything rash, my dear; no man is worth throwing away your chances for. And you must take my syce with you. He is a local boy and knows his way all over the place; besides, he speaks English."

Crystal was glad enough of the syce's presence. She asked him the way to Rankin Sahib's house as soon as they got out of the station. He at least would display neither curiosity nor surprise. They trotted along the little native path, which he said was a short cut, in Indian file. It was very hot and there seemed to be a storm brewing; the sky behind them was banked up with black clouds. But Crystal was very oblivious to weather signs and deaf to the muttered warnings of her companion. It needed all her courage to do this thing she proposed to do; she had no time to think of anything else.

The garden round James Rankin's house had been left to grow into a tangle of grass and weeds and flowers—English flowers that he had brought out from home with him and native weeds that ran riot everywhere, encroaching even on to the path and up the steps of the neglected-looking bungalow. There was no one in sight in all this wilderness when Crystal and the attendant syce rode up. She slipped out of the saddle and signed to the boy to take the ponies into the shade.

"Wait for me," she said in English. "I will see if the Sahib is at home."

"There is a bad storm coming, Missie Sahib," he warned her. "Good not stay long. Sometime storm come and road gets washed right away."

"I shall not be long," Crystal promised him, and with her chin up she turned and walked up on to the verandah of the house.

As a matter of fact, James Rankin had been watching her coming for some time. He knew of her presence in Darjeeling; he had read of her engagement in the papers. He had had time to armour his heart, to stiffen his anger, before he heard her feet on the steps. To him, after what had passed between them, it was unforgivable that she should search him out like this, with her engagement to another man an accepted fact. All the cruelty which was in his nature, and of which Mrs. Plasquett had spoken, rose to the surface as he stood up to greet Crystal.

"This is a very unexpected honour," he said, his voice level and polite. "Have I done anything to deserve it, Miss Penhurst?"

She caught her breath. "I had to come," she whispered, her eyes wide on the unreadable stiffness of his face. "I had made such a horrible mistake. I got things muddled up. I thought . . . You have heard, haven't you, about my engagement to Mr. Jackson?"

"It is in the papers," he acknowledged. "Did you ride down here on purpose to hear me offer my congratulations?"

She drew a little back. The rail of the verandah was behind her; her hand closed on it as she answered.

"No," she said. "It was not for that. It was to tell you . . ." His scorn flicked the colour to her cheeks. "You thought once that you loved me, and I said something that made you angry. You have been angry ever since. Your anger hurts. I . . ."

"I am extraordinarily flattered," said James. He said it with deliberate cruelty. "But I can assure you that my anger has not lasted all this time. I am quite ready now, Miss Penhurst, to wish you and Mr. Jackson all the happiness that is coming to you."

Crystal lowered her eyes; tears stung in them.

"If you have been staying with our good friend Mrs. Plasquett," James went on, "you have probably heard one or two things about me. How I have gone altogether to the dogs. Perhaps you have some idea of playing the good angel in my life, reforming me." He laughed a little. "I assure you, Miss Penhurst, it would be a waste of time. A dog, you know, returning to his vomit."

A rumble of thunder interrupted his sarcasm. Some time ago the storm had burst over Darjeeling. He glanced beyond Crystal to its banked-up splendour.

"You ought to hurry," he said, "if you don't want to be kept here for the night by that rain. And though you would be quite safe"—he shrugged his shoulders—"the world, as we know, is censorious."

She turned to go. There really did not seem much else that she could do. On the top step she hesitated and looked back at him; and beyond him again, framed in the doorway of the house, she caught a vision of Jessamine Flower standing, a little startled, to surprise her great dark eyes watching James.

It was then that Crystal made the supreme sacrifice of her pride. Some people might say that jealousy leapt suddenly to life and drove her as love itself would never have done. She faced James anyway, and that vision behind James, eyes shadowed by tears, lips faintly tremulous.

"I did not come because of any of the things you think," she said. "I came because I love you. Because I wanted to ask you to take me back into your life, into your love. I wrote and told Mr. Jackson what I was going to do before I came down here. I was so sure . . ."

A sudden swirl of lightning enveloped the house; the thunder ran growling round the hills. There was an ominous sound in it, something other than ordinary thunder. They had just that startled second of standing looking at each other, the truth between them at last, and then the syce holding the ponies cried out

(*Continued on page 74*)

The India Magazine's Directory of Schools in Gt. Britain

WALDERNHEATH,

CROMWELL ROAD, MORECAMBE.

Seaside and Mountain Air Combined. Reserved Private Suite.

Principal:
Miss Edmonds, late Scholar of the Royal Holloway College; Girls' Public School; Teachers' Diploma, Cambridge. Assisted by fully qualified English and Foreign Governesses and Professors.

Walderneath is situate on the Torrin Estate close to the sunset. It is surrounded by pleasant grounds, four acres in extent, containing croquet lawn, tennis courts, orchard and hockey field.

A thoroughly modern education is given. Special attention is paid to the study of Music, Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting.

The domestic arrangements are under the direct supervision of the Principal, who takes a personal interest in the health of each pupil.

"THORNBANK,"

COLLINGTON AVENUE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Home School near Government's Sanatorium.

Principals:
Miss Bramall and Miss Hall.

"Thornbank" is situated in western Bexhill; the building facing the sea, is large and commodious, and is constructed on the most modern lines to ensure health, comfort and convenience.

Pupils are prepared for the Cambridge Local Examinations; also for those of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., including L.R.A.M. Elocution; but anything in the shape of over-pressure is avoided.

The pupils enjoy much open-air life. Games include tennis, hockey, goal-ball, and net ball. Cycling, sea bathing, and swimming in the season.

Particulars as to fees, etc., on application.

BICKLEY HALL, BICKLEY, KENT, ENGLAND.

Headmasters:
A. J. Farrimond, M.A., Queens' College, Cambridge.
E. S. Farrimond, B.A., Queens' College, Cambridge.

Boys between the ages of 7 and 14½ years are prepared for the Public Schools, and for the Royal Naval College.

Bickley Hall is situated 300 feet above sea level, in the centre of a beautiful park of about 25 acres, on gravel soil, and in a locality renowned as both healthy and bracing. There is a gymnasium, boys' library, rifle range, and a magnificent covered-in and heated swimming bath. In addition to large cricket and football grounds, there is a gravelled playground and a covered playground for use in wet weather.

Fees:—40 guineas per term. Entire charge is taken of boys whose parents are abroad. Entrance Examination.

CHEAM SCHOOL, SURREY.

Head Master:
Rev. Hamish M. S. Tavener, O.B.E., M.A.,
Mathematical and Trinity College, Cambridge.

As a School, Cheam dates from 1645. Reorganised in 1855 by the Rev. R. S. Talbot, it claims to be the Pioneer of Preparatory Schools.

The sons of gentlemen are received between the ages of 7 and 14, and are prepared for Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and other leading Public Schools, and the Royal Navy.

The School buildings are well equipped, and stand in their own grounds of 50 acres. These include chapel, enclosed swimming bath, covered playground, four fives courts, a large asphalt playground, and playing fields.

Entire charge taken of boys whose parents are abroad.

Prospectus and full details supplied on application to the Head Master.

BATTLE ABBEY, SUSSEX.

Principal: Mrs. Jacomb.

Supported by an exceptionally highly qualified Resident and Visiting Staff.

Battle Abbey is excellently adapted for a school on account of its situation on a southern slope, 300 feet above the level of the sea. The district has the distinction of holding the record of the maximum number of hours' sunshine throughout the year in the United Kingdom.

There are 55 acres of grounds, including a park, sports fields, eight tennis courts, gymnasium, etc.

Full particulars of the scale of education offered, and of the Staff, will be found in the illustrated prospectus obtainable on application to the Secretary.

The fees for the general curriculum are 55 guineas a term.

LOWTHER COLLEGE FOR GIRLS

(Bodelwyddan Castle),

RHUDDLAN, NORTH WALES

Principal: Miss. Lowther. *Fees:* 90 Guineas.

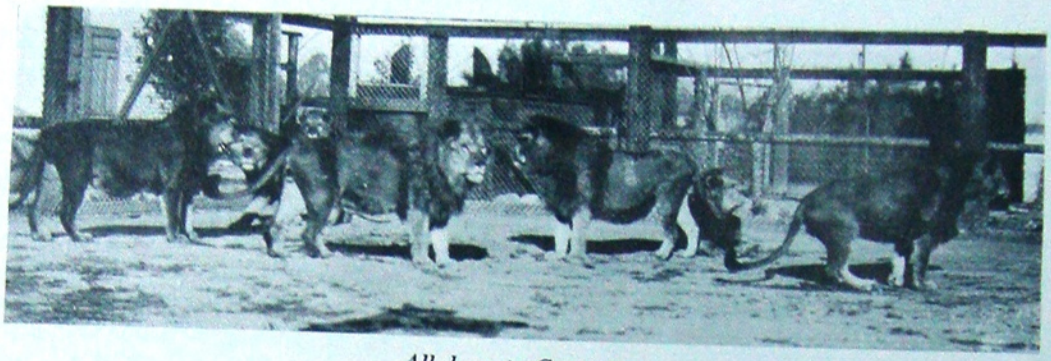
Parents' Guarantee Executor and Finance Managers.

The Principal takes entire charge of children of parents living abroad, and may be relied on to pay every attention to the health, moral training, and deportment of those entrusted to her charge. Holidays can be arranged for.

References to parents, etc., in India and Burma.

A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S ONLY LION FARM

Contributed to "India Monthly Magazine"
By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.



All born in Captivity

AT the delightful little resort of El Monte, some thirteen miles from the heart of the City of Los Angeles, in Southern California, may be seen the world's only lion farm. It was established some three years ago by Mr. Charles Gay, a keen naturalist and lover of wild-life, and has rightly earned world-wide notoriety. A more novel and fascinating spot than Mr. Gay's farm, where the King of Beasts is being scientifically reared, it is impossible to imagine.

How this extraordinary farm came into being is an interesting story. Probably no living man has had a more varied experience in handling the wild creatures of the jungle than Mr. Gay, who was associated with the late Mr. Frank Bostock, the Animal King. On the decease of Mr. Bostock, Mr. Gay secured many of his more valuable trained animals and brought them to Los Angeles, believing they would appeal to the movie people. His collection was a varied one, a miniature zoo, in fact. There were performing lions, tigers, leopards, bears, hyenas, camels, dromedaries and a host of other creatures.

To Mr. Gay's disappointment the moving picture concerns at Hollywood and elsewhere were not particularly interested in or attracted by his collection of trained wild beasts. The promoters at the studios explained that they were not so much interested in performing animals. What they needed and needed badly were animals capable of movement and action. It was not tricks they required of the animals, but rather animals that could pretend to chase someone round the arena, that would spring into the air, leap in the direction of the camera, show annoyance and rage, bare their fangs, and growl.

Mr. Gay's animals had been taught definite tricks which some of them had regularly performed for years. It was found virtually impossible to undo this particular form of training and teach them to run, spring into the air, jump towards a person, show their teeth and growl. Furthermore, the animal favoured was the lion. Was he not the King of Beasts and master of the jungle? The other members of the big cat family had their points of interest, but after all it was the lion that the amusement-going public preferred to see.

So Mr. Gay got rid of his performing animals and decided to see what could be done in training lions along the lines demanded by the movies. It was a venture no one had yet tried. After some trouble he managed to secure three young lions, a male and two females—Cyclone, Rosie and Mary. The appellation Cyclone was bestowed upon the creature because of his quickness and alertness, and no one imagined anything could be done with him. But Mr. Gay, who had had considerable experience

Snapped in his pen

in handling wild beasts thought otherwise and quickly demonstrated that it is possible to obtain the confidence of an animal though it is a procedure that demands much time and patience.

Mr. Gay was ably assisted in his strange calling by his wife, a charming young lady who, like her husband, is passionately fond of the brute creation. Indeed, she is almost as much at home among their strange pets as her husband. Many a fine creature on the farm to-day was reared by Mrs. Gay on milk from an ordinary nursing bottle. Without her care and attention the animal would not have survived.

When Cyclone and his companions had been taught how to jump and those actions which the movies declared were necessary, the operators were invited to Mr. Gay's little establishment and bidden to "shoot" at real lions. They were amazed at the realism it presented, though at first felt a little nervous and inhibited in rigging up their cameras in the presence of the King of Beasts. But both Mr. and Mrs. Gay showed them they had nothing to fear. All they had to do was to turn the handle of the camera and they would see to the rest. So a lion would growl, show its teeth and give a mighty spring in the air. The movie men turned the cranks of their machines, but held their breath, fearing that the apparently enraged beast would land on his master and bring him to the ground. But the jump was a make-belief, the lion landing at the feet of his trainer. Then Mrs. Gay would lay down when a great beast would stroll up to her and lay his huge body across her prostrate form, but so gently that she hardly felt his weight. "Wonderful," cried the camera men, "you have given us the very action we have been seeking"; and so the venture, so far as the picture-end of it was concerned, was voted a complete success.

Then came letters from all parts of America and even from Europe asking particulars about the farm and enquiring whether they were supplying lions to zoos, menageries and circuses and to private collections. These enquiries, together with the success attained by supplying the movies with the pictures they desired, led Mr. Gay to undertake the establishing of a properly equipped farm where lions could be reared on a scientific scale. It was impossible to secure the necessary ground in and around Los Angeles, so five acres of land were purchased at El Monte, thirteen miles away.

To describe it as an ordinary show place would be wrong. There is a dignity and a purpose about the venture which stamp it as no ordinary undertaking. True, as you pass along the main thoroughfare you are attracted by the entrance, which is not only novel but which bespeaks West Africa. At one end of the quaint stucco-shaped building is a look-out tower with a palm-thatched roof, as is also that above the entrance portico. Within you find yourself in a spacious lobby, on the walls of which I counted no less than a dozen lions' heads of varying ages, as well as heads of other African game and other similar trophies, not omitting a lighted recess in which reposed a magnificent mounted specimen of the King of Beasts. Passing through the gateway, you step into the farm itself, to quickly discover that it first and foremost is a model institution given over to the scientific propagation of that most interesting of all wild-life—the lion. There are grass lawns, flower-beds, and delightfully shaded walks lined with palms, bamboos, and other semi-tropical trees and shrubs. At every turn you encounter spacious pens—running from a hundred to two and three hundred feet in length, and from sixty to over a hundred feet in width, where roam lions of all ages—animal houses, and runways.

At the time of my visit there were 104 lions on the farm, ranging in age from a few days to eighteen years. The majority have been born and reared on the establishment, while there were several males which had been imported from Africa and other places. Mr. Gay realises that to breed a first-class type of lion

Mr. Gay, the proprietor, with a friendly inhabitant

"Numa," the famous cinema lion, makes friends with the author

it is necessary to import new blood. A healthier and finer type of lion than those found on this quaint farm in Southern California it is impossible to conceive. Mr. Gay hopes shortly to be in a position to raise 200 lions a year, and he declares there is to-day a good market for this beast. He is constantly receiving enquiries from zoos, menageries and private collectors asking if he can supply lions.

The fact is the lion is much scarcer to-day than many people imagine. His native home, of course, is Africa, and at one time he was to be found there in large numbers. But he has been hunted so ruthlessly both by sportsmen and natives and killed by ranchers and farmers who regard him as a pest. Then the various African Governments have encouraged the destruction of this noble beast. Even in the great African game reserves they are very scarce. The wardens have shot them to prevent their preying upon the other creatures who were looked upon as more valuable. In many parts of Africa where a couple of decades ago the lion was to be found in large numbers, not a single specimen is left. Hunters to-day will return from Africa and declare that with the exception of perhaps hearing the strange roar of the lion at night they have not so much as caught a glimpse of one. As Mr. Gay declared, they can hear the lions growl on his farm without going to the trouble and cost of making a trip into the wilds of Africa. Not least, they can see them by the score, note how they rear their young and see the young ones at their gambols in the great pens.

Immediately on entering the farm one is confronted with a spacious grass lawn, on the left of which there is a large arena where I counted over a dozen lions from two-and-a-half to three years of age. On the opposite side of the lawn there is another pen where roamed some twenty lions from a year to eighteen months old. The pens are enclosed by stout wire-netting stretching to a height of several feet through which the animals can readily be seen. It is thrilling to suddenly turn a corner and in the bright Californian sun with its setting of semi-tropical foliage see a group of young lions at play, chasing one another round the vast enclosure, jumping over fallen tree logs and generally frolicking about like a bunch of huge kittens. It is a true African setting. Many of the pens too are covered with grass, and nowhere else in captivity can you see lions strutting and jumping with one another on a grass lawn.

Mr. Gay accompanies his visitors round the farm, boldly entering many of the cages, not with the idea of making his strange pets perform some little trick or stunt for your amusement, but rather to enable him to explain interesting little points about them. Thus when he calls an animal by name it will come towards him, and you hear its age, how it was reared (perhaps by Mrs. Gay on a bottle), its disposition, whether it agrees well with its fellows and so on. Such talks are not only interesting but decidedly instructive. It is a lesson in natural history, the result of a long study of the creature and its ways.

Standing just over six feet in height, dressed in khaki and white helmet, Mr. Gay makes an imposing figure among his lions. But you quickly realise that they know him and that he has gained their confidence and it is surprising what they will do for him. One magnificent male with a handsome mane stood on a tree log, an imposing picture, and when his master strolled over to him and removed his hat the great creature licked his hair in true feline fashion. Mr. Gay declares

A Group of one-year-old lions drinking

it is as good as a shampoo and makes your hair curl, though no lady visitor has expressed a desire to give it a trial. Another lion is so tame that he rides round the pen on his back.

Perhaps the most prized lion of the collection is Numa, a magnificent specimen of his kind, fifteen years of age, who has earned for his master as much as £2,000 a year by acting for the movies. Some 90 per cent. of the moving pictures showing lions are taken at this farm. Numa has appeared in several well-known films, such as The Missing Link, Hold that Lion, No Control, and The Circus. When Numa is filmed, his master, and often Mrs. Gay as well, is in the enclosure with him. They teach the animal to do what is desired—run, jump, growl and show his teeth, and the operators do the rest. Other lions in the establishment are also used in the same way. Not all, of course, are to be trusted, but Mr. Gay handles his animals every day and knows which can be trusted. The writer ventured into the pen with Numa and he came and stood beside me while I sat in a chair. He glanced suspiciously at me once or twice, but otherwise acted as a well-behaved lion.

Mr. Gay declares there is really no such thing as a "tame" lion. All you can hope to do is to gain the animal's confidence by kindness and firmness. Nothing can be gained by being brutal. Once an animal knows you and respects you it is possible to teach him to do certain little things, and even then the training should be along the line that appeals to the animal. Some will take readily to do one thing and others something else. It is only by knowing the idiosyncrasies of an animal that you can get the best out of him. But all the time the creature is by nature wild. Only on one occasion has a lion turned on Mr. Gay. That was last May, when for some unknown and unaccountable reason one of his pets sprang upon him, bore him to the ground, and gripped him by the leg. Fortunately, help was soon forthcoming, but as it was Mr. Gay was laid aside for nine weeks, and he treats that lion today as if nothing had happened.

The farm is open to the public every day of the week except Monday. On this day the animals fast, as it has been proved it is best for their health. When a lion is sick or at all indisposed it rigidly refuses all food. Mr. Gay can relate instances of his lions going without food for a week or even much longer. Here he declares they show better judgment than do many humans. Many ills can be cured by giving the stomach a complete rest. The animals are not fed in the pens, but driven by means of runways into the houses and there supplied with horse flesh in their cages, where, too, they sleep at night, never in the open. Several horses are slaughtered every day to feed the lions at this novel farm, while a cow and a small herd of goats supply the necessary milk for the cubs. A lioness will have two litters of cubs a year. The number varies, but is generally three. Occasionally four are born, and now and again only one. As a rule a lioness is permitted to rear her own offspring, but it occasionally happens she does not wish to be bothered with such domestic ties, when they are taken away and reared by Mrs. Gay on the bottle. Unfortunately many cubs have been lost through the mother eating them. This is often the fate of the first litter. But once a lioness had reared her offspring she can generally be relied upon to continue doing so in the future.

As may be imagined many and varied are the questions asked by visitors as Mr. Gay moves from enclosure to enclosure telling stories of his pets and the lion in general. No living man probably knows more about the King of Beasts, his faults and good points, his disposition and reliability than does the owner of California's lion farm. What seems to puzzle many people is why the male should possess a mane and a female be entirely smooth. In their wild state it is the male, of course, who does the hunting and provides the food for his spouse and family. His mane is a help and a protection in those battles he is forced to engage in as he goes forth to seek his quarry.

I wound up my visit at the lion farm by playing on the lawn with three little lion cubs and a lively fox terrier. The youngest cub was but eleven weeks old and though a mere baby easily held its own with the dog. As Mr. Gay and I romped with those little pets of the jungle I began to understand something of the secret of his success as a rearer of lions. Mr. Gay loves lions. To him the lion is the ideal beast and he is never happy or contented unless he is among them.

Born on the Farm

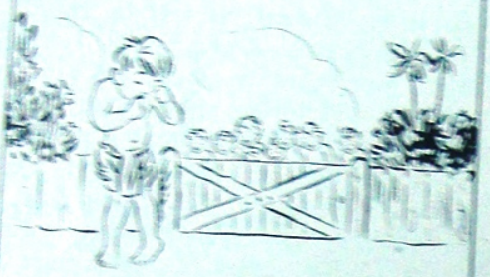
TEN LITTLE CHOKRAS

1

Ten little Chokras,
Standing in a line;
One ran away,
And then there were nine.

2

Nine little Chokras,
Tried to climb a gate;
One got his fingers hurt,
And then there were eight.



3

Eight little Chokras,
Flying up to heaven;
One fell out,
And then there were seven.

4

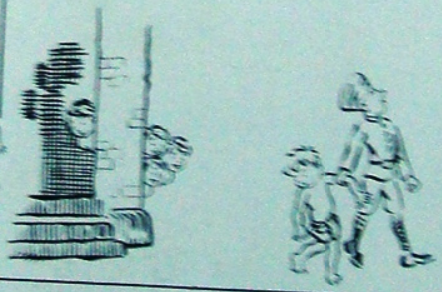
Seven little Chokras,
Picking up sticks;
One got a splinter,
And then there were six.

5

Six little Chokras,
Playing with a hive;
The angry bees stung one,
And then there were five.

6

Five little Chokras,
Knocking at a door;
A parawallah caught one,
And then there were four.

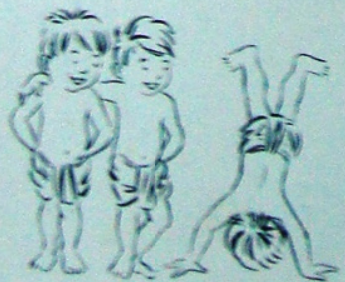


7

Four little Chokras,
In a boat at sea;
A big fish got hold of one,
And then there were three.

8

Three little Chokras,
Knew not what to do;
One stood upon his head,
And then there were two.



9

Two little Chokras,
Tired with all the fun;
Sleep came along,
And left only one.

10

This little Chokra
Is growing very sage;
And says he'll never, never leave
The "Children's Corner" Page.

Right-About Rhymes

by Rebecca McCann

LITTLE FAY CLARK

THERE was a little girl
And her name was Fay Clark,
And poor little Fay
Was afraid in the dark.

Alone in her bedroom
She had the queer feeling
That something behind her
Was creeping and stealing.

One night poor Fay heard,
When the whole house was still,
Something tap at the window
And scratch on the sill.

She covered her head
And she prickled with fright.
"If only," she whispered,
"They'd left me a light!"

But there came a small sound
In the midst of her fear
That made her sit up
And uncover an ear.

"It can't be . . . it must be
My little lost cat,
For nobody else
Can meow quite like that!"

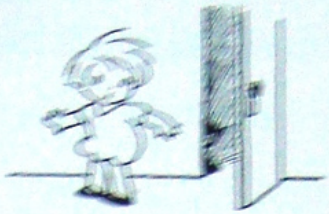
She flew to the window,
She opened the screen,
And in jumped her kitten,
Bedraggled and lean.

"Oh, Fluff, just imagine,"
Fay happily cried,
"I was almost too frightened
To let you inside!"

They ran from the bedroom
And down the long hall,
Not afraid of the lightness
Or darkness at all.

And out to the ice-box
They quietly crept
To get Fluff some milk
While the family slept.

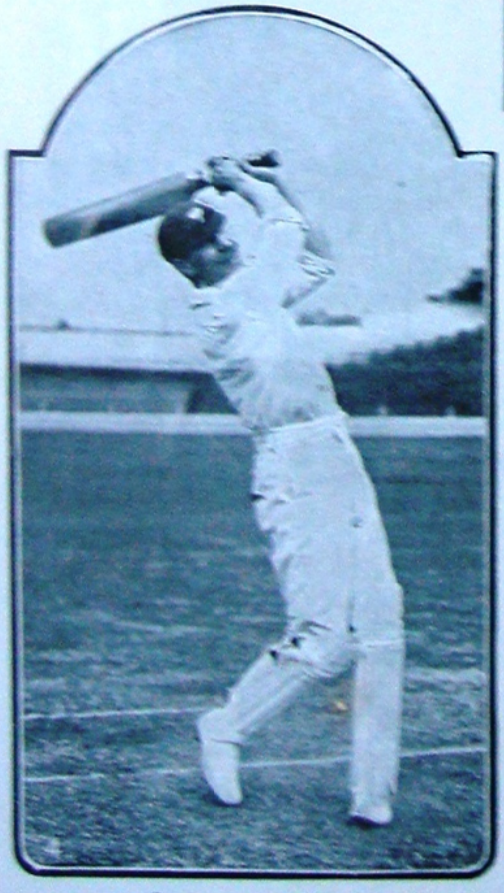
A lesson this teaches
To Fay, you, and me,
That we shouldn't be scared
Till there's reason to be.



Sports Searchlight

Sir Francis Stanley Jackson

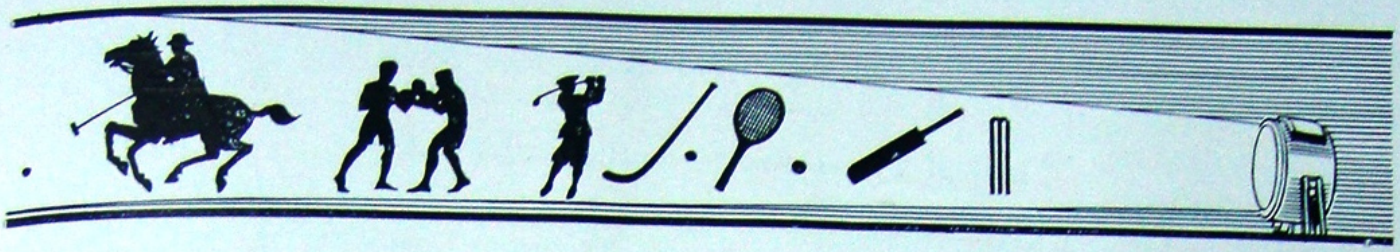
Governor and Sportsman too



HARROW, CAMBRIDGE, YORKSHIRE
ENGLAND 1893—1905 (Captain)

1. *A very late cut.*
2. *Completion of a straight return.*
3. *Free finish of his off drive.*
4. *A perfect follow through.*
5. *"This looks like a four!"*

Photographs by Macmillan & Co.



A NOTICEABLY trim athletic figure, arrayed in the most spotless cricket kit imaginable, emerges from the pavilion. Its gait to the wicket is delightfully easy and effortless. "This chap's a cricketer, anyway," is the first mental note one made, even though when I first witnessed the pleasing sight 36 years ago, ye gods!, my experience of cricketers and of the glorious *bhaibandi* of the game was limited.

Even before the first ball is played plumb in the centre, with the maker's name on the bat glaring ominously at the bowler, there is a dangerous stay-all-day kind of jauntiness about the movement of this player. The same jauntiness was there when Australia's best were being flicked and cracked all over Headingley and Old Trafford thirteen years after my first view of Sir Stanley Jackson in action at Chepauk, Madras, in 1892. If, peradventure, he adventured on just one last effort next season in India those fortunate enough to be present could not fail to observe the same characteristic. But there is no private ground in Calcutta, as Lord Harris had at Ganeshkhind when, as Governor of Bombay, he captained an XI that would beat any County XI of 1928, saving only three, hollow. More's the pity.

I well remember that first innings I saw played by "Jacker" because of a "sixer" into the lawn tennis courts. I do not apologise for the *lèse majesté*. An England Cricketer's nickname is a national possession, even though it is the modern fashion to refer by their Christian name to cricketers who the speaker has only seen batting through a chink in the wooden fence round the Oval.

Was there ever a more graceful bowler than the Governor of Bengal was when he was playing regularly? The late W. H. B. Evans of Oxford University had a beautiful style. Barnes of Lancashire and Staffordshire, at his best, long before the war, had a magnificent delivery. C. J. Kortright, especially if roused a bit, and he did not need much coaxing, was the embodiment of *furor Britannicus;* a challenger of Watts' "Physical Energy." But, think where I may, none had the easy flowing grace of the greatest Harrow all round cricketer. His length was perfect and he relied chiefly upon the off-break, and the plain straight-through ball. I have always thought that it was his gift—or ability—in the delivery of this now unfashionable ball which made of him one of the most matchless destroyers of incipient, or firmly rooted, partnerships the game has known. And he reserved his most devastating overs for Australian batsmen. For which a mere Governorship of Bengal is, in my opinion, a quite inadequate guerdon.

As a batsman Sir Stanley had the reputation of being quite nerveless, not awed by the occasion. A very few, like him, had the great ability to play the right game for the needs of the particular situation. The only entirely nerveless batsman I ever saw was W. G. Grace, but that was only as a batsman. In the field I have seen him give a splendid imitation of a bundle of nerves. When batting it did not matter a straw to him who bowled, or what that who bowled. I believe this mattered a lot in his day to Sir Stanley, but once he "saw" the ball, then the opposition had to call in their sappers and miners. And even their blastings didn't always do the job speedily.

The photographs on the opposite page reveal strokes seldom seen in this dibbing and dabbing age. Rare indeed is it nowadays to see the hands, the arms, and blade in the position shown in figure 2; and who in modern cricket except a desperate No. 10, or possibly A. P. F. Chapman the other way round, has the superb follow through seen in figure 4. Nor for, seemingly, æons, has one seen anybody *dare* to jump in to her as in figure 5. Good gracious no, mid-off must not be injured, even though standing forty yards from the bat as he does nowadays he's in no danger. Besides, you might get stumped, or handle the ball, or something, if you batted as Sir Stanley, and many others of his day—the very greatest days of English cricket—always did!

The greatest National XI that ever took the field anywhere was that of England in May, 1902 at Birmingham. A. C. MacLaren (Capt.), F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, G. L. Jessop, Hayward, Tyldesley (J. T.), Braund, Rhodes, Lockwood, Lilley and Hirst. It's only want was a left-handed batsman. Never was an XI more strongly fortified in the slips and at cover, or more lavishly provided with every kind of class batting, plus outfields and captaincy. To have been a member of that side is to have received the hall-mark.

E. H. D. S.

A Sports Ministry for India?—A thought for Sportsmen—Scots Rugby—A Stadium for Calcutta—The Grand Old Man of Cricket—England *vs.* Australia

By the Sports Editor—E. H. D. SEWELL.

POLITICS are out of the purview of this Magazine, but I want to ask when is India going to have a Ministry of Sport with an educated former International as Minister? Without exercise, and plenty of it, no man or woman can live long in India. That is why Indian ryots are so well off. Exercise generally connotes indulgence in Games or Sports. If ever there was a land that shrieked aloud for real organisation of its athletic endeavour it is India. More could be done in a year towards making India peaceful and habitable by starting and fostering the true games-spirit than is possible in a decade of talk of reforms on platforms or repetitions thereof in the Press. Time was when a nebulous kind of honour haloed the wearer of a Gandhi cap. If Mr. Gandhi had worked equally hard in the job of making young India strive to win caps as members of cricket, football, hockey and lawn tennis teams this would be a much happier country than it is.

❀ ❀ ❀

How many sportsmen, I wonder, give a thought to their chances for sport in the next world? The subject in general has not had perhaps the attention from theologians that its importance deserves. Aviation of a sort is about the only thing that has been indicated. Sir Robert Baden-Powell may declare his intention of sticking ghostly pig in the Kadir, but for all he knows he may find himself, when the time comes, sitting on a pink cloud in some extremely remote universe. Many years ago a Forest Officer in Madras is said to have made the provision in his will that he be buried in his favourite hunting country, near a certain shola at Ootacamund whence the jacks always ran the stoutest. This at least showed definite desire.

❀ ❀ ❀

That versatile sportsman A. L. Hosie, has earned favourable comments in Home papers as a result of his exceptionally good fielding and such compliments as the following—typical of others I have come across—will be pleasing to his many admirers in India:—

"Hosie's brilliant work at third man thrilled the crowd and cost Shepherd his wicket. A vision in blue said: 'Is he only the third man? I should have picked him first.'" Technically unsound, but good criticism.

❀ ❀ ❀

The Edinburgh Cricket Shield, which provides Darjeeling with one of the chief sporting events, has been won for the sixth time in eight years by the Planters. Mr. J. Caldwell's score of 148 not out is a record for the winners.

❀ ❀ ❀

Enthusiasm for Polo continues to be maintained at Lebong in spite of the difficulty of obtaining full sides.

Most games there have to be played with only three-a-side. Colonels Butler, Dene, and Blair, Lt.-Col. Little, Captain Horne, and Messrs. Reid, Graham and Mazamdar are some of Lebong's most regular players.

❀ ❀ ❀

The splendid Bombay back division of 1927 is broken up. Their ex-Cambridge and Yorkshire full back C. F. K. Watson, though still in Bombay, cannot play for business reasons; L. H. Hodgson, their right wing, will be against them this season in the Madras XV, preparatory to going on leave, when he is sure to get some games for Blackheath in spite of the fact that Sir Thomas Devitt and John Taylor, internationals both, are likely to be available. J. O. Jago, their other wing, has gone to Karachi, but will be in Bombay next month for the Bombay Tournament from August 13th to 20th. Fortunately both last year's half-backs, A. Trevor-Robinson and S. H. Herd-White, will be available. By the way, it has never been published that in the semi-final last season with the P. W. Volunteers (Calcutta), the ultimate winners, Herd-White broke a bone in his right wrist just after the first five minutes play, but carried on. Bombay are lucky to have the Cheltonian-Heather, R. G. Hopkins, as their captain. He is not for Blighty for another year, worse luck for the English XV. As his vice this season J. D. Boyle officiates and leads the pack. He just missed his Oxford Blue as a back-row forward. Bombay's cricket captain this season will be the Irish Rugger International, W. J. Cullen, who scored 129 v. Moslems in last year's Quadrangular Final. All the winning European Quadrangular side are again available, including their Haileyburian-Cantab match-winner R. J. O. Meyer, who would be more useful to England during next November to March in Australia than he can possibly be in Bombay! In fact, if M.C.C. turned their eyes eastwards and could commandeer R. J. O. Meyer, H. Ashton and J. L. Guise, Australia would probably concede a few points in the betting. No

trio of cricketers of equal age in England come within measurable distance of these exiles.

* * *

The extraordinary interest in football in India as exemplified by the large crowds which attend matches in Calcutta and the true sporting spirit which prevails throughout all these games, irrespective of what teams may be in opposition, is surely sufficient evidence that Calcutta ought to have a Stadium. I appreciate the grounds for opposition which were advanced when, a few years ago, it was proposed to utilize part of the Maidan for this purpose, but I do believe that the active organisation and encouragement of sport would contribute in great measure towards removing the case for the opposition.

BOMBAY'S DUX—
R. G. Hopkins (left, Captain) and J. D. Boyle.

There will be weeping and gnashing in Scotland if the report, which has just reached me, that Bannerman is going to an American University, and will not be available next season, materialises. There is talk, too, that Graham, the Kelso forward, is giving up the game. H. Waddell captains Glasgow Acies next season. In place of the old International centre, A. W. Angus, who has resigned from the Scottish Rugby Union Committee, Dr. G. W. Simpson (ex-Heriot's Skipper and Trials 1922) was elected East representative at the last S. R. U. meeting on May 12th. R. D. Waddell (Clas. Acies) became West representative vice T. H. H. Warren (Kelvinside Acies). The Edinburgh Acies' captain for the last two seasons, J. Moffat, together with the former Scots' national forward, A. Wemyss, have been elected on the committee of the Edinburgh and District Rugby Union, of which A. A. Lawrie of the the S. R. U. is President. I was sorry to hear that on the last Baa-Baa's tour in Wales C. D. Aarvold (Cambridge and England) got his nose broken in the Newport match. Directly I saw Aarvold as a Durham Fresher playing for Cambridge vs. Bart's three autumns ago he went down in my mental notebook as an international of the near future, but they took a long time making up their minds about him, and it needed a tour in the Argentine to convince them. Still, many a player has been ruined by being "capped" too soon. A few, like G. V. Palmer last season, were overlooked for too long. He was a better player in 1926-27 than he was in 1925-27.

A. Tresor Robinson (standing) and S. M. Hird-White.

* * *

One often hears pity expressed for the trials of cricket and football selection Committees at Home. Their tribulations are a mere jest, I understand, if compared with those of the 53 golfing selection Committees who, with iced towels for headgear, chose their sextets to compete in the Merchants' Cup, which is being fought à outrance this month at Tollygunge. Of this blood affair more anon.

* * *

Had the greatest of all cricketers lived he would have been 80 on the 18th of this month. "W. G.'s" birthday month has always

special memories for cricketers who can go back before the War. I cannot help thinking it a great pity nothing is done to help to keep his memory green. Why cannot July 18th be, as this year, forever one of the days of the Gentlemen *vs.* Players match at Lord's? It is not always realised what a nimble wit the Old Man had, and surely a cheerier cricketer never hit a four to the undisguised disappointment of the bowler. There was once a match against odds in which "W. G." was opposed by the local village postman. In stentorian tones this sportsman appealed for leg-before for a ball which had hit Grace on the left leg. "Not out" was the accurate, and certainly the prudent, verdict.

"Aha! Mr. Postman," cried the Old Man instantly, "you've delivered it at the wrong address again!"

♔ ♔ ♔

A wave of the commonest common sense seems to be spreading at Home among the governing bodies of sport. The Scottish Rugby Union set the ball rolling by making it impossible for a man to "write for the Press" and remain a member of the S. R. U. The recent resignation from the S. R. U. committee of the famous Scots centre, A. W. Angus, is said to be partly due to his wish to engage in journalism. The Lawn Tennis Association followed the S. R. U. making it impossible for a player to write on lawn tennis and remain an amateur. The Rugby Union swelled the chorus, putting an end to the "signed article" for all loyal Rugby Unionists. The Jockey Club is the last to join in the hunt, with a warning to trainers and jockeys that..... well, we, the Jockey Club, think you'd better not. When are the cricketing counties going to carry on the good work? Many of the articles under, or over, the names of well-known professional cricketers are not written, or even dictated, by them. Perhaps the limit was reached last season when a well known Test match player wrote "until now I did not know one could be run out off a 'no-ball' that had not been hit." This, from the scorer of innumerable centuries in first class cricket, was surely the last straw. No doubt he was too busy making runs to notice the blunder when correcting the proof. I am aware that the public looks to the M. C. C. to mitigate all the evils in cricket; but the M. C. C. never interferes with the control of county cricket. It has authority only over M. C. C. staff professionals and those others who accept its invitations to play for England or the Players. It cannot order Hobbs or Hendren to stop writing for the Press; that is the business of Surrey and Middlesex. If the committees of these counties see no harm in it, it is nobody else's business, but. . . .

The G. O. M. of Cricket.

♔ ♔ ♔

July is the month in which most of the mistakes which matter are made in the cricket world at Home. With the very best of intentions and but one object in view—and that the good of cricket, and especially of English cricket, which used to be the best thing in the whole world of Sport—it is in July that M.C.C. casts the dice which results in success or defeat in Australia. Most of the team which, it is anticipated, will sail from Tilbury in September (all except the wealthier professional members of it, they generally travel overland to Toulon), will receive their invitation this month. Many have been sounded months ago. It was, for example, well known last July in the circles which count, that Hobbs wants to go out again.

♔ ♔ ♔

Since the old hands, Rhodes and Hobbs, with the help of A. P. F. Chapman, Sutcliffe and Larwood practically won the

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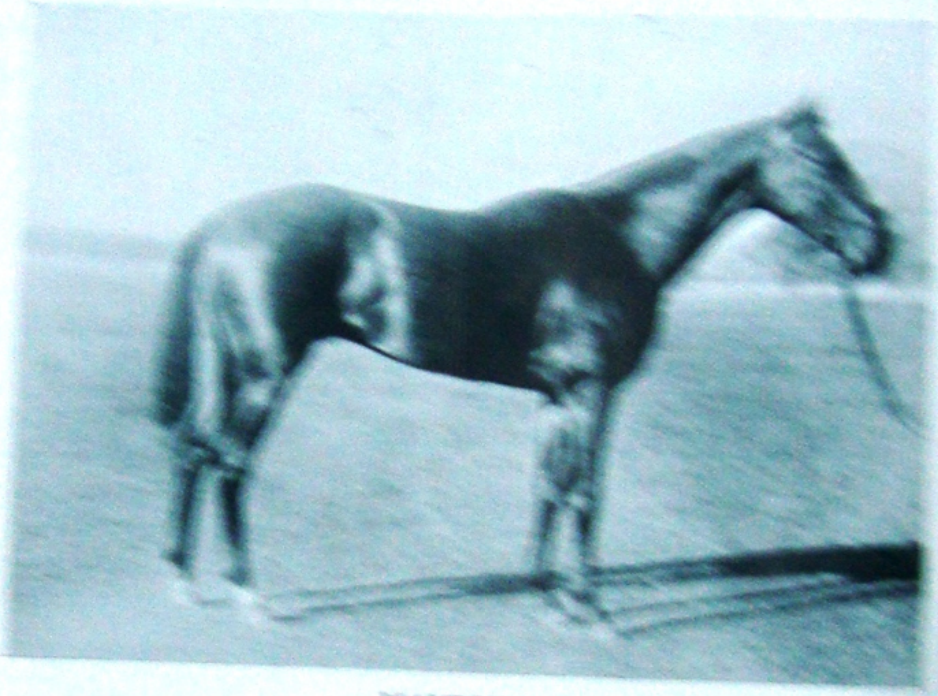
last Test match, in which England was so spiritedly captained by A. P. F. Chapman; and not by Rhodes and Hobbs as has been stated in print without the vestige of evidence or ground for the assertion; England has not found the bowlers she so sorely needs. Nothing like a Test match bowler has appeared since that day in August 1926, but during the same period England has probably lost two: in Tate, whose effectiveness was waning in 1926, and Larwood who, patched up, can only stand an Australian tour by experiencing quite exceptional physical luck.

I have hopes that Macaulay will be asked. It takes time even for a very high class bowler, and he was never that, to recover from the pasting he got from C. G. Macartney at Leeds in July 1926. But when writing to me last month Macartney did not say he would be playing again when he returned to Australia in November from England. I hazard the guess that he will play again. Macaulay *vis-à-vis* Ponsford, Woodfull, and Kippax (Australia's present backbone) will be a different bowler than he would be if confronted also by the best batsman in the world since the late Victor Trumper.

The question of captaincy is one that has troubled the selectors considerably since, by wholly unconstitutional methods, A. P. F. Chapman was elected in August 1926. I pause here to observe that the rule governing the selectors was that they choose the captain first. He was then to be co-opted for the purpose of choosing the XI, after which *his* was to be the casting vote. When Chapman was elected captain, after the almost ruthless exclusion of Carr, he was at Hythe. Chapman was not present though Carr, who was not a member of the selection committee or of the XI, was when the last England XI was chosen. Therefore the whole proceedings were *ultra vires*.

A quite possible team to embark on this venture into the known is:—A. P. F. Chapman (capt.), D. R. Jardine, Kumar Shri Duleepsinhji (health permitting), J. C. White, or P. G. H. Fender, V. W. C. Jupp, Smith (Glos.), Nichollls, Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Ames, Hallows, Tate, Hendren, Hammond, Tyldesley (E.) and Macaulay. There are so many others on about the same level who can bat but can't field that any four or five of them may displace any four or five of the above.

CONCERNING THE TURF



MAYFOWL.

Died in Calcutta on 26th September, 1921—It was the eleventh time using.

Lt.-Col. "TOBY" HUNT

The popular Stipendiary Steward of the Western India Turf Club. In his younger days Lt.-Col. Hunt was an excellent horseman and used to ride with success over the Sticks.

(Continued from page 35.)

"Pray why did you run away?" she demanded gently though firmly.

George merely fumbled with his so respectable hat and dropped it.

"'Twas cowardly and most unlike a—an English sailor."

George picked up his hat and looked at it.

"So you—are Sir George Meryan!" said she, almost reproachfully.

"Most truly and humbly at your service," he answered, turning his hat over and over.

"And thus, Sir George, Meryan-Dene finds again its true and rightful master."

"Nay," he answered, shaking his head, "'tis rather that Meryan-Dene shall never lose its lovely mistress. Thine it is, Rosamond, and shall be. And scruple not, for, though a sailor, I—I am rich!"

"But thou'rt thy father's son come home at last; thou'rt the dead alive again. Thy father's house waits thee."

"And my father willed it to you, Rosamond, and his will shall be my law at last. So is Meryan-Dene yours henceforth."

"And—what of you, Sir George?"

"I am a sailor, and——"

"Mr. Sparrow told me you are—going?"

"To Jos," he nodded, "to 'The Happy Man,' for to-night."

"And whither go we to-morrow?"

"What," said he, coming a pace nearer—"what do you mean?"

"Nay, thou'rt a notable prophet, George, a seer, and shouldst know such simple matter as this."

"My prophesying is done. . . . Tell me, Rosamond."

"Thou man!" said she very tenderly, "that couldst be so blind to think I should rob thee of thy heritage, thou wouldst be so generous—and blush for it! Thou that wouldst do act so noble—and look so guilty! But thou'rt home at last, safe out of dangers in this England dost love so well. So here shalt thou abide, or—or I must needs follow thee, thou dear, generous, blundering, noble man. Oh, George, thou'rt come home at last to England and—me." Down went respectable hat and knotted cudgel, and she was in his arms.

"This," said he unsteadily—"oh, Rosamond, this is not—gratitude?"

"Ah, never think it!" she sighed. "This is this, the wonder I've dreamed so oft, the wonder thou didst foretell—'in a glance,' says you, 'a word, a sigh'—and yet indeed, my dear, it is so great it fills my heart and me, and the very universe about us."

Then George kissed her.

"My Rose o' Love," said he fervently, "thank God for thee and this England of ours!"

And presently, as they went on together, it seemed the birds were singing right gloriously in the lane.

THE END.

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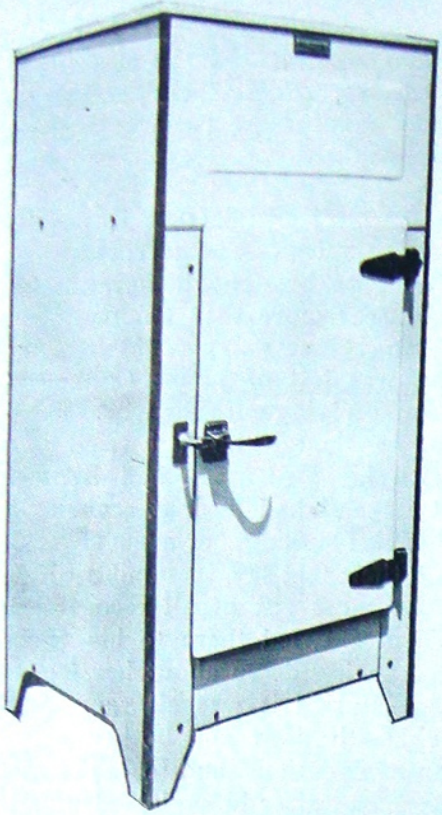

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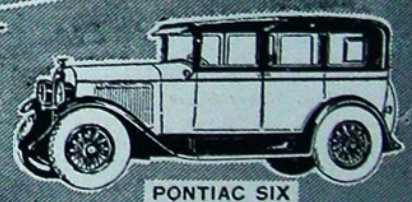

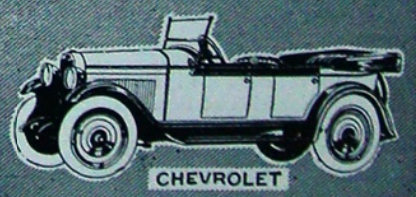

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(Continued from page 56.)

in a loud frightened voice, and leaping on one of the animals, spurred it into a frantic gallop. The house shook and rocked; it seemed as though the whole hillside moved and swayed towards them; there was a tearing rending sound, and then trees and rocks and earth came rushing and roaring down towards them, a shattering mass of destruction.

It was the worst landslide that Darjeeling had known for many a day. The terrified syce, who escaped with his life, brought the news back to the station; but it was more than twenty-four hours later before the rescue party could hack its way through what was left of James Rankin's house. They found Rankin lying with the white girl clasped in his arms, as though he had tried to shield her body with his own. He had been terribly injured; but Crystal had died, it seemed, quickly and easily, her lips smiling, her arms thrown round his neck. At their feet lay Jessamine Flower, her body crushed almost out of all recognition by a beam. She had crawled there to his feet as her world came crashing down about her heart.

Mrs. Phasquett said it was all very difficult to explain, but Death does not bother very much about human explanations, and to Jackson at least Crystal's letter had already explained much. This was the man she had loved. She had gone out to find him unashamed, and Death had left her lying in his arms. Jackson's own love was too loyal and too gentle to grudge her that.

Love is an all-conquering delusion that deludes the world; it is just possible that it also deludes Death. At least the radiance of Crystal's dreams lies more securely wrapped away from harm by the earth that covers her heart than ever life would have left them—we can be very sure of that.

THE END.

There's only one sure thing in this world, and the first man to discover that made a fortune out of life insurance.

❖ ❖ ❖

One way to drive recklessly through life is to be constantly running other people down.

❖ ❖ ❖

The most prolific perennials in the garden of life spring from the seeds of kindness.

❖ ❖ ❖

A well-known young matron laments that—if she goes out with the same man five or six times in succession—her husband accuses her of *falling in love*. How unreasonably absurd—he ought to know that by that time she is probably *falling out*

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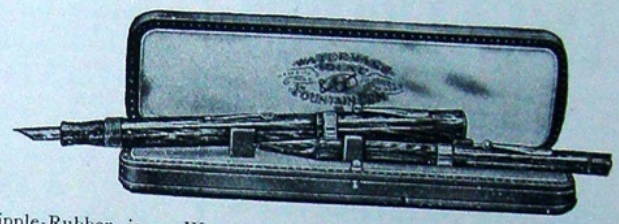

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(Continued from page 45.)

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boundary, the Spanish-American war and the Venezuelan boundary dispute. There is a penetrating chapter entitled, "America and the World Outside." Unfortunately, space does not permit a review of this book the importance of which cannot be too highly recognized.

OUR TIMES.—AMERICA FINDING HERSELF. By MARK SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00. Here is the tapestry of American history spread in an original manner; every line contains a fact; one sees America, feels America, incredibly. The book is important for reference. Journalistically written, this picture of "Our Times" pulsates with the spirit which made men like Roosevelt, Harriman, Carnegie and others; it analyses the American mind, records its achievements and paints with vigorous strokes the whole fabric of life from the drama of politics to the latest songs and plays.

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CARTE D'EUROPE. By DANIEL ROPS, Paris. Daniel Rops is a French author who will take much interested watching. His book, "Notre Inquietude," is a sort of prelude to the present work. Philosophical, tender and moving in the French manner. Rops examines the soul of man, presents standards of patriotism and the importance of the idealism which makes for peace. Rops is at his best in critical essays.

UNE PROVINCIALE EN 1830. By MARCELLE TINAYRE, Paris. This talented authoress has done a book of great charm, mixing the real with the imaginative cleverly. The story concerns a "jeune fille" under the Restoration and is crammed with delectable atmosphere. The book is beautifully bound and is a veritable treasure.

(Continued from page 28.)

very dull, or *mat* as the French like to call a not brilliant surface, and—warm. One can sit on it by hours at a time and never a wrinkle; it can be pleated—ah, it is a veritable find.

At Paris, one makes scarves and sports things of this material with great success.

A word about the headdress. Paris has always disliked that boyish cut, so ungraceful, so difficult to wear, and so unbecoming. Now, happily, it is finished and in come the soft waves, the little curls, the softened effects that make a woman really charming. *Coiffeurs* are beginning to find new methods of dressing the hair so that it may be not short, exactly, but longer than formerly.

Curls again! Well, so much the better. With the great change that has come the entire mode has grown elegant as in the best days of the XVIII century.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Most delectable pyjamas have been shown at the collections. These garments are made for the hour of tea, they are the lounging pyjamas. They are made of soft silk in combinations of dainty colours, some with a severe cut, others very *séduisantes*.

Those of us who wear pyjamas for sleeping in will be equally delighted, for these really coquettish garments are both comfortable and *chic*.

On the other hand, a certain dressmaker is showing a nighty of mauve trimmed with dark violet, a very dream of loveliness.

Plutarch remarked that "when the candles are out all women are fair." He was far ahead of his times, don't you think?

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Boudoir caps are an ever-fascinating adjunct to Madame's hour of siesta. Some of the loveliest ones are merely wide bands of precious lace held together by delicately tinted ribbon, which ties at the side or at the back.

Many ladies prefer, however, to have caps that cover the whole head; they are certainly a little more difficult to adjust, and the others are cooler, although both modes require a little time before the mirror.

I've forgotten who was the fatuous gentleman who said that women were made before mirrors and had been before them ever since. What a brute!

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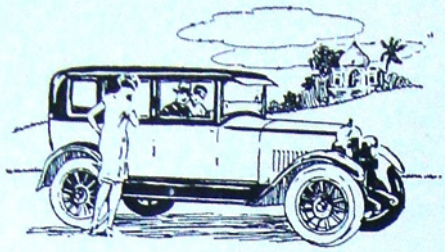

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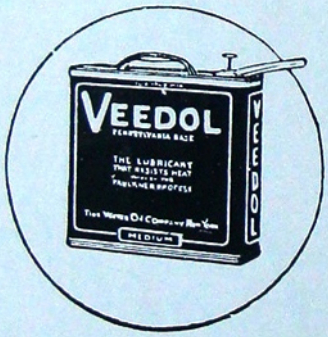

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(Continued from page 48.)

world. That is why we see everywhere the stir of effort to bridge the yawning gulf between opulence and want.

The task that lies before us to-day is to make whole the broken-up communal life, to harmonise the divergence between village and town, between the classes and the masses, between pride of power and spirit of comradeship. Those who rely on revolution, seek to curtail truth in order to make it easy. When they are after enjoyment, they shun renunciation; when they incline to renunciation, they would banish enjoyment from the land and subdue man's mind by cramping it. What we, of Visvabharati, say, is that the nature of man is but deprived if truth be not offered to him in its wholeness, and from such deprivation comes his disease and his despair.

The very Factory of which I was complaining, though it has been the instrument of much wrong-doing, is not a thing of which we may say we would be rid. The machine is also an organ of our vital force—it is man's very own. If we have caused our hands to commit robbery, the remedy does not lie in cutting them off, they must be purged of their sin. To try to improve ourselves by crippling ourselves is a counsel of cowardice. All the powers of man seek development and expansion,—we have not the right to ignore any of them. From the earliest times man has sought to make tools. No sooner has he discovered any new secret of Nature than he has tried to capture it with the help of some machine and make it his own, whereby his civilisation has entered on each successive stage.

The day man first drew out the fertility of the soil by making the plough, a screen was lifted off the path of his life's progress—a lifting that not only revealed the store-room of his food, but also let the light into many an obscure chamber of his mind. When he first devised the spinning wheel and the loom, they not only enabled him to cover his body, but also roused that sense of beauty which was to extend its domain over so much of his life. For if to-day, man's body is clothed, so is his mind, and the Kingdom of Man that he is busy creating depends largely for its material on this clothing, which serves both as covering and language—for it has given man's mind a new means of self-expression.

When men came from the stone to the iron age, we all know how that meant accession of power both to his body and mind. In fact, the process began from the time he was differentiated from the four-limbed beast by his separate pairs of hands and feet. Since that beginning, by his manipulation of tools, he has been manifolding his hands themselves, and thereby obtaining more and more points of contact with the universe, opening out the closed doors of his mind on every side.

"King Demos—pot-bellied, elephant-headed Ganesha."

If any *sanyasin* would now plead that this extended commerce with the outside world should be restricted, then he must begin by an indictment of man's pair of hands. And the extreme *sanyasin* does, indeed, go to that length. He allows his arms to wither by his ascetic practice of keeping them constantly uplifted, in a gesture of denial of the world, asserting, thereby that he has attained freedom. To restrain man's hands with the command, *Thus far you shall go and no further*, is more or less equivalent to this cult of uplifted arms. Who has the right to lay down so tremendous an injunction? In the mouth of what leader of men can it lie to cripple man's God-given powers by saying that he shall not advance so far as the World-worker calls upon him to do? We can regulate the exercise of power so as to ensure our welfare, but we may not bar the way to its expansion.

In the old days man applied his plough and loom, his bow and arrow, his wheeled vehicles, to the purposes of his life's progress; so also to-day should modern machines be made to serve the needs of humanity. Those who are backward in mechanical ability cannot cope with those who are forward, for the same reason that the four-footed creatures fell back in life's race. The fact that, owing to the machine, for one rich man to-day there are thousands who have to do him service, only proves that with the help of the machine one man can acquire the strength of thousands. What

is wrong here is likewise wrong in the case of the acquiring of knowledge, for with its help one clever man can gain dominion over thousands of fools. This only teaches us that, be it science, or its outcome the machine, the power they give should not be monopolised by the few, but used for the benefit of the many. Let not power be concentrated so as to keep men apart; let it never lose the consciousness of its responsibilities.

Man's civilisation has grown in its several departments by the conjunction of his own intellect with the gifts of Nature. These two must work in co-partnership throughout. Whenever man's intellect, feeling secure by locking up its acquisitions in some strong-room of habit, has fallen asleep, his wealth has left him. For the store that is not added to, goes on dwindling. We cannot afford to live on the accumulations of a by-gone age for long, in fact, we have already come to the end of our resources.

Science has given man immense power. The golden age will return when it is used in the service of humanity. The call of that supreme age is already heard. Man must be able to-day to say to it, "May this power of yours never grow less, may it be victorious in works and in righteousness!" Man's power is Divine power; to repudiate it is blasphemy.

This latest manifestation of man's power must be brought into the heart of our villages. It is because we have omitted to do so that our watercourses and pools have run dry; malaria and disease, want and sin and crime stalk the land; a cowardly resignation overwhelms us. Whichever way we turn, there is the picture of defeat, of the penury due to the depression of defeat. Everywhere our countrymen are crying: "We have failed." From our dried-up hollows, our fruitless fields, our never-ceasing funeral pyres, rises the wail, "We have failed; we have failed; we own defeat!" If we can but gain the science that gives power to this age, we may yet win; we may yet live.

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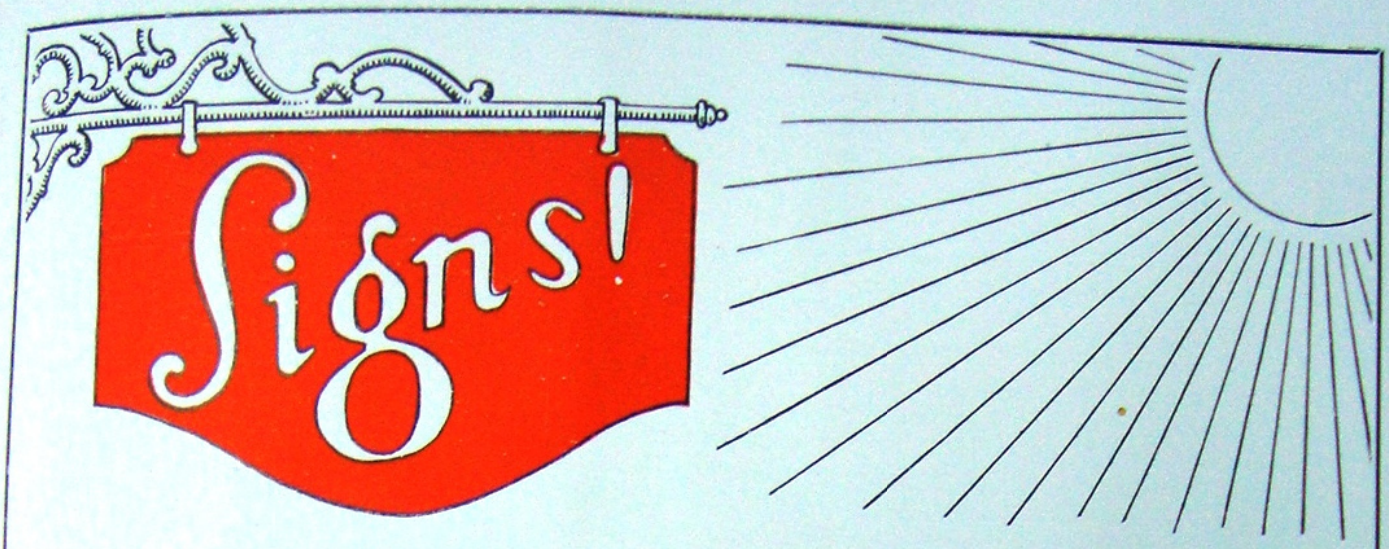

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